

Sketches of a Life of 75

By LUKE WOODARD



Columbia University
in the City of New York

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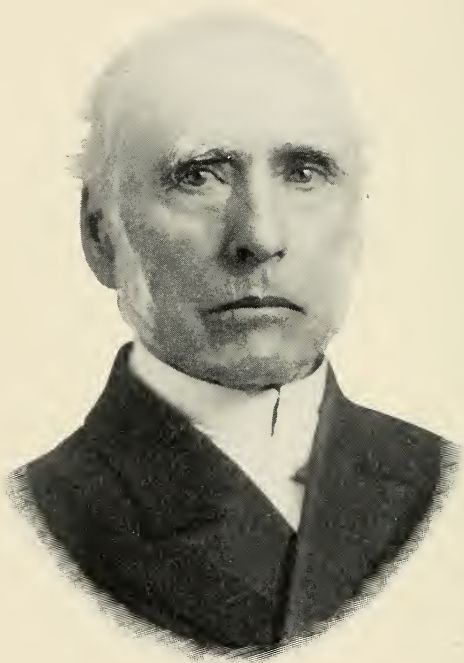


Bequest of
Frederic Bancroft
1860-1945

Mrs. Harper
Richmond Indiana
Route #28
Spring Grove

Rev. & Mrs. E. Atkinson

SKETCHES OF A LIFE OF 75



LUKE WOODARD AT 75.

SKETCHES OF A LIFE OF 75

IN THREE PARTS

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL AND
DESCRIPTIVE

BY

LUKE WOODARD

1907



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BY THE SAME
AUTHOR



THE MORNING STAR
GATHERED FRAGMENTS
A VOLUME OF POEMS
WHAT IS TRUTH?

51758F

TO
MY BELOVED WIFE
MY HELPFUL COMPANION
IN THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE
AND IN GOSPEL SERVICE
"IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN"

THIS VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

THIS volume has been written and is published in response to the expressed desire of many of my personal friends. It is thus given to the public with a desire to commemorate the Lord's goodness to me, and to record some historical items touching the recent history of The Religious Society of Friends, especially, what is known as the Revival movement. In giving in somewhat of detail, my own and wife's connection with this movement, I have not forgotten the many others who had an equal share in the same work, to whom I would accord due honor. But the reader will bear in mind the fact that I am writing the story of my own life, not that of others. In such a narrative the reference to self is unavoidable. On this ground of necessity I ask the charitable consideration of my readers.

The author hopes that Part II will interest especially my young friends, and give them some fresh glimpses of our Mother Country, and of our own church in Great Britain and Ireland.

Invoking the Divine blessing upon this effort, this volume is now committed to the public.

FOUNTAIN CITY, INDIANA

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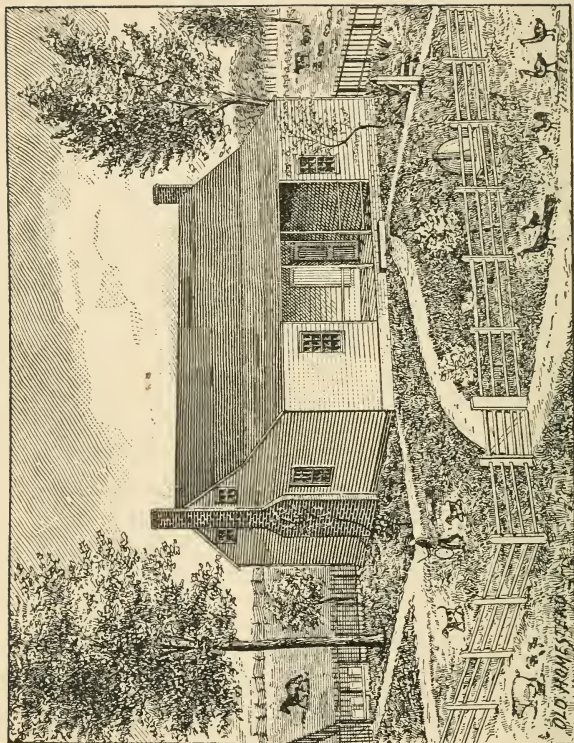
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SKETCHES OF A LIFE OF 75

CHAPTER I.

N view of the possible domestic complications that might result from bringing up a family in a slave state, many Friends emigrated in the early part of last century from North Carolina, and other Southern States, to Ohio and Indiana. My parents—Cader and Rachel (Outland) Woodard—were among the number, removing from Wayne County, North Carolina, to Wayne County, Indiana, in 1826, settling on a farm in the neighborhood of New Garden, where I was born, 3d month 12, 1832. They had at that time a family of seven children, who came with them (one had previously died in childhood). Three others were born after their removal. I was the youngest of our family of eleven.* I was brought up on the homestead where my father settled, and, with other members of the family, assisted him in ordinary farm work.

* For further items of genealogy, the interested reader is referred to an appendix at the close of this volume.



Dear home of my childhood, this picture of thee,
With fondest of memories, enraptures my heart;
Let me go where I will, there is no place to me
So fondly remembered, so dear as thou art.

My parents were exemplary, pious people, and like Abraham of old, commanded their household after them. As they were members of the Friends Church, their children had a birthright membership in the same. We were trained up in industrious and moral habits. As the public schools of that early date were of an inferior character, Friends maintained their own denominational schools, which were taught by Friends, and were under the care of a committee of the church. In these schools I received my education. As the school house was located near the meeting house, both teachers and scholars were required to attend the regular midweek meeting held in the middle of the day. The Scriptures were also read each day by the teacher in connection with a season of devotion.

My mother died when I was a little past nine years of age. I was deeply affected by this loss, and for months after her death I was not heard to speak the word *mother*, feeling I could not bear to utter that most sacred word, so conscious was I that I was motherless. Her parting message to me a few days before her death made a deep impression on my young mind, and I doubt not was one means, in connection with others, of my conversion.

My sister, Sarah, who had just entered her twenty-first year, took my mother's place, and I here record

my remembrance of the tenderness and fidelity with which she cared for me and our bereaved father, and other members of the family. She often told me how, when I was very ill at ten or eleven years of age, so that they prepared my burial clothes, she bent over me in prayer, imploring our Heavenly Father to raise me up and make me a useful man. She confidently believes—who should doubt it?—that I was restored in answer to prayer.* My father's second marriage a few years after the death of my mother, brought us a new mother, who proved herself worthy of our love and confidence. She took my sister's place who was married not far from the same time.

At the close of my school days I engaged in teaching for a short time. In the spring of 1853 I was married to Elvira, daughter of Stephen and Mary Townsend. She, as well as myself, being a member of the Friends Church, we were married according to the mode prescribed by its discipline, in West Grove Meeting, Wayne County, Indiana, in the presence of a large public assembly. We began house-keeping in the home of my father, who continued to live with us till his death in 1858. Our home was in process of time, blessed with three children who were born to us, and who were a great comfort to us.

* Since the above was written, this sister passed to her home above on the 2d of June, 1907.

CONVERSION.

As I have previously intimated, while I was brought up by religious parents, and sustained outwardly a good moral character, my conversion did not take place till a few years after our marriage. Without any visible agency operating at the time, and when the current of my life was flowing on as usual, I awoke suddenly one night with "an horror of great darkness upon me," and I realized as never before that I was lost. I seemed to be on the brink of an awful gulf into which I might any moment be plunged. My body literally trembled. My wife, who had been converted some time before, endeavored to assure me of the Lord's mercy, and encouraged me to look to Him. I called upon Him in a brief vocal prayer, but I did not at that time realize an assurance of my acceptance in the forgiveness of my sins. Had I been definitely instructed as to justification by faith as I understand it now, I might soon have found joy and peace in believing; whereas, it was some months before I had the evidence of my acceptance. In the meantime, my distress of mind continued. I sought the Lord often in a place of private prayer, read my Bible much, and also read the recorded experiences of others. I found comfort and help from the ministry of various ministers of the Gospel who

seemed to speak to my condition. Only to my wife and a sister, did I speak of my exercise of mind, but from these I derived much help and encouragement. Remembered portions of Scriptures would now and then cause hope to spring up. On one occasion, as the text in connection with the lost sheep,—“there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth,”—came vividly to my remembrance, I said to myself, surely I am that penitent sinner. Some time after this, as I was at work alone in my field, the scene of Calvary where my Savior bore my sins in His own body on the tree, was presented to my mind; the Holy Spirit impressed upon my heart with inexpressible vividness the thought that it was *for me*—that He loved *me* and *gave Himself for me*. No sooner had I grasped this by appropriating faith, than my sense of condemnation was gone, and joy and peace took its place, and I sank upon the ground and wept tears of joy. From that time to the present, I have felt the lines of Cowper expressed the feelings of my own heart:

“E’er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.”

I realized then, and have realized increasingly ever since, the value of the atoning sacrifice of our adorable Redeemer. How suitable is the way of salvation

through a crucified and risen Christ to meet the demands of God and the need of man!

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

From very early life, I was impressed with the feeling that I should one day be called to preach the Gospel. I do not know how this feeling originated, I only know it was there, and strange as it may seem, it was not, even in my most thoughtless years, an unwelcome apprehension. No kind of public speaking pleased me so much as did the able presentation of the Gospel, and when ministers would visit at my father's, I enjoyed hearing their conversation.

It was not long after my conversion that I first spoke in a public meeting. It was only a few words, mostly a Scripture quotation, spoken in fear and trembling under a very deep sense of duty. There followed such a feeling of sweet peace, that I had no doubt that my little offering was acceptable to the Lord. This was in the spring of 1858.

I now solemnly covenanted with the Lord that if He would make known His will with unmistakable clearness, I would be obedient. This He did by various instruments as well as immediately by His Spirit. The last sign I specially asked for was that Hannah Pierson, a minister from New York, who was visiting families in our Yearly Meeting, might be led to speak

to my condition. She had a remarkable gift in the prophetic line, and often spoke very pointedly to the state of individuals, both as to their past lives and present experiences, and sometimes would speak prophetically of their future. She was an entire stranger to me, and I prayed very earnestly when I learned she would visit our home, that the Lord would enable her to tell me whether He did call me to the ministry. This she did so remarkably that I felt there was no room to doubt. Hence, from that time I endeavored to be faithful in this duty, though being naturally very timid and bashful, it often caused a struggle. I can say, however, and I am thankful that through grace, I am able to say, that I never deliberately broke the covenant I had made touching this duty, hence I did not experience those seasons of darkness and backsliding of which I have heard others speak.

My gift in the ministry was officially acknowledged by my Monthly Meeting at New Garden, Indiana, in Second month, 1862. I was now given up to do the will of God as far as I was enabled to understand it, and was blessed in my ministry, and had reason to believe that others were blessed through my preaching. I engaged at various times in Gospel service in our own and other Yearly Meetings with credentials furnished by my home friends. In process of

time, however, through some books that fell into my hands, and the teaching of some of the consecrated servants of God, my mind was directed to the subject of entire sanctification. I had in a way believed in the doctrine and experience, but had regarded that experience as attained by growth, rather than obtained through consecration, prayer and faith in the all-efficacious, cleansing blood of Christ, accomplished through the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

For some considerable time I hesitated over the matter of consecration. The thought that it is better not to vow than to vow and not to pay, was presented to my mind—a subtle temptation, as I now see it. I felt afraid if I committed myself unconditionally to God, like one signing a blank sheet, to comply with conditions yet unknown, He might require me to go to Africa, and I feared to take the risk. For a time I was fearfully buffeted by Satan. I found the VII of Romans portrayed my condition. I hungered and thirsted after righteousness, yet did not realize the being filled, because I did not pay the price. At length, such was the unrest of my soul that I became willing to comply with the conditions. The blessing came to me in the city of Adrian, Mich., where I had been attending, with other ministers, a series of meetings. I awoke early one morning, and was debating in my own mind whether to return home or to remain

at the meetings. I said to myself (for I was alone in my room), I will go to the meeting again, and it may be I will realize the longed-for deliverance. Something seemed to say to me, "And why not now?" and my heart responded, And why not? It was the response of submissive, appropriating faith, and it was answered by an indescribable sense of the presence of the Holy Ghost, and a sweet peace that filled my mind and heart. I went to the meeting and testified to what the Lord had done for me. From that time on I enjoyed, and still do, a rest of soul, such as Jesus promised to those who take His yoke upon them and learn of Him. As to going to Africa, it has never troubled me; and I believe, should the Lord require it of me, He would bestow the grace that would enable me to go willingly. I now regard entire consecration as a blessed privilege. It is the venture of the bride upon the love, care and protection of the bridegroom. To the liberty to serve, is added a delightful liberty in service, for perfect love can know no slavery in serving the object of its love.

The date of the experience in Adrian was the autumn of 1871. Since that time I have taught both by voice and pen, the doctrine of sanctification, and that as an experience, it is realized subsequent to regeneration through the baptism with the Holy Ghost, on the condition of definite consecration, and the prayer of

faith, and I have ground to believe that my teaching has been blessed to many.

My earlier service in the ministry was attended with some difficulties. My means were limited and my wife's health was not good, and the church at that time had not come to the financial aid of ministers as it has since done, and my father's will involved me in a considerable debt in complying with its stipulations to possess the homestead. I often felt depressed on this account. I labored very hard, practicing economy, aided by a prudent wife, and industrious children when they became old enough to assist. This school of experience has taught me to sympathize with others who might have similar difficulties.

Through the blessing of my heavenly Father on our efforts, we were enabled to pay all debts, and have a good home and the temporal comforts of life.

EARLY GOSPEL LABORS.

For several years after I began to preach, my service was in my home meeting, with now and then a visit with credentials from the church to other meetings, and making appointments for the public, sometimes in the vicinity of my home, and at other times to places more distant. My first visit outside the limits of my own county, was to the Quarterly Meetings of White Lick and Plainfield, and their constitu-

ent meetings in the central part of the State of Indiana. Following this were other evangelistic tours in Ohio and Indiana, and a more extended one in 1865 to the meetings of our church in Iowa. In this visit I was accompanied by my wife. We spent several weeks in that State, attending the sessions of the Second Yearly Meeting in Oskaloosa, after its establishment by Indiana Yearly Meeting. We found a very open door, and had ground to believe the Master owned and blessed the service.

While engaged in this visit I met with Esther G. Frame at her father's in Salem, Iowa. She was at that time young, gaily dressed, and apparently not very religious, and was not a member of our church. In an interview with her I told her I believed it was the will of God that she should join the Friends Church and preach the Gospel. She promised she would. Not long after this she applied for membership, and began speaking in meeting, and was in a few years officially recognized as a minister of the Gospel, and has been extensively engaged as an evangelist. Her husband also united with the Friends Church, became a minister, and has been associated with his wife in evangelistic work.

In the summer of 1870, as a member of a committee of Indiana Yearly Meeting to visit the meetings of our church in Kansas on their request for the

establishment of a Yearly Meeting in that State, I visited all our meetings in Kansas and Missouri. I also took with me the necessary credentials for ministerial service, and appointed public meetings in various places while engaged in the visit. Our report being favorable, the Yearly Meeting was established, and has steadily increased till now it is a strong and influential body.

During this visit I was at the Agency for Kaw Indians, then in charge of my brother-in-law, Mahlon Stubbs, where I had my first experience in speaking through an interpreter while I preached to the Indians. My brother-in-law said it was the first time any one had preached Christ to them.

CHAPTER II.

THE REVIVAL.

DURING the earlier years of my ministry, there began what is known as the revival in our church in America—a movement which has resulted in a marked change, not in the essential principles or doctrines of Quakerism, but in the mode of conducting meetings; in greater activity in the work of evangelizing, both in our own land and in mission fields in foreign countries; resulting also in unnumbered conversions and the increase of many meetings, or churches.

The impartial student of history cannot fail to perceive in this modern movement a striking similarity to that of the 17th century, when Quakerism had its rise. Nothing characterized the work of the early Friends more than their unswerving loyalty to their convictions of truth, and their intense earnestness in their efforts to spread abroad that truth, and to bring men to a saving knowledge of the same. They were enthusiastic but not fanatical. If time-honored customs, traditions, and even civil and ecclesiastical laws, were sometimes contravened, and disregarded, it was not on the principles of anarchy that despises govern-

ment, but on an avowed loyalty to what they believed to be the highest of all law—the will of God, a knowledge of which they said should be sought, and might be found in the Holy Scriptures with the superadded influence of the Spirit of God; and they answered those who required obedience in anything that involved an infraction of what they believed to be the higher law of God, as the apostles of old answered the Jewish rulers: “Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.” And the zeal and activity of George Fox and his coadjutors, in publishing the truth when they were not in prison, were not more marked than their patient endurance of suffering when, for conscience sake, they were confined in prison.

But this first generation of Friends passed away, and with it, or soon after at most, passed away also the zeal and activity that had given Quakerism its birth and its standing. Friends as a whole, became a body of quietists. I say as a whole, for in every generation there were exceptions—there were still some who were bright and shining lights and the standard of uprightness of the outward life was well maintained, but there was a marked decline in Great Britain and America both in numbers and aggressive efforts. There came to be a lack of a teaching ministry; in this country there was an inadequate supply of copies

of the Bible, many families being destitute, and general Scripture instruction was sadly neglected; birth-right membership resulted in many being members who were unconverted, some of whom were appointed to church offices. With such, Quakerism was a mere form, in its avowed opposition to forms—a kind of system of negations. This state of things was quite prevalent in the latter part of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth centuries, preparing the way for the Hicksite heresy* which culminated in a schism, in 1827 and 1828, in nearly all the Yearly Meetings in America, reducing our numbers nearly one half, and infecting, more or less, many who did not actually secede. The paralyzing effect of this continued for more than a generation. This, added to another cause, viz., emigration from the east and south to what was then the West, Western Ohio, Indiana, and Southern Michigan, reduced the number of meetings in those portions from which the tide of emigration flowed, resulting in the closing up of many meetings. While the territorial limits of our church were by this means extended, it was church extension in one place at the cost of church depletion in another.

Many Friends emigrated from New England to

*The leader of this schism was Elias Hicks, a minister, and a member of New York Yearly Meeting, who embraced Unitarian doctrines.

central and western New York, and afterwards from the latter section to Michigan; and from North Carolina and Virginia to Ohio and Indiana. New settlements being thus formed of young and increasing families whose children were enrolled as members, caused a rapid increase, without many additions in the way of joining the church, in the size and number of meetings in these newly settled regions. When the children of these pioneers became heads of families, new settlements were formed on the border of the older ones, till eventually those older meetings began to be depleted, and as the original settlers could furnish no second supply of children, this drain by removal and death; by frequent disownment by a rigid application of disciplinary rules in regard to plainness of speech and apparel; for marriage contrary to discipline, and for attending such marriages, caused a rapid decline in numbers, with few additions to compensate for this loss.

Another thing which considerably reduced the numerical strength of Friends in Indiana and western Ohio, was what is known as the anti-slavery separation in 1843. This resulted in the disownment of a very considerable number, among them some of the most active and useful members, generating at the same time feelings of strife and contention, inimical to the healthy growth of the church. This schism was

not on account of any difference of view as to the sin, and unjustifiableness of slavery, *per se*, but rather as to the advisability of certain lines of procedure in dealing with the question of abolition.

Although the organization of those who separated, which took the name of "The Anti-Slavery Society of Friends," continued its existence but a short time, and many of the seceders returned to the original body, yet the injury resulting from the unfortunate schism affected the church for a much longer time. Sufficient Christian patience and toleration of each party with the other in matters non-essential, would have prevented this separation, greatly to the advantage of the cause at issue and of the church itself.

This historic sketch is intended somewhat as a preface to what is to follow as a sketch of the revival movement.

The general condition of our church, as has just been briefly noted, made the need of a revival abundantly apparent. While many were impressed with a sense of this need, and here and there devout souls doubtless were praying that God would once more pour out His Spirit upon our section of His church, yet its first beginnings were not the result of church plans and human management, but rather of spontaneous and extraordinary manifestations of the moving of the Holy Spirit. The older generation now

living will remember that in the the year 1858 a great awakening began in the east, notably in New York City, and was soon felt in other cities, and finally was extended to more western portions of our country. The interest became so great that in the large cities theatres, and other places of amusement, were closed or opened for Gospel meetings, and many thousands on this tidal wave of revival power were swept into the kingdom. This was shared by churches of various names.

It was not far from the same time that there began to appear in the Friends Church in different places in eastern Indiana, unusual manifestations of the influence of the Holy Spirit. Without any visible agency, many individuals were awakened and converted. What were termed "social meetings," were frequently held in different neighborhoods. These were voluntary, informal gatherings in private houses, where such as desired, whether church members or not, were welcome to attend. There was usually simply an announcement made of such a meeting, naming the place and time, without any pre-arranged program of service, or any appointed leader. There was no singing, and the vocal services, consisting of prayers, usually not very many, and testimony, were all entirely spontaneous and voluntary. I have seen on some of these occasions, the whole company melted

to tears, when, even in the intervals of silence, the sobs of those who were under conviction, could be heard. On one occasion, in our own house, such was the influence of the Holy Spirit, that a young man who was guilty of felony, but who was out on bail, was so smitten with conviction that he knelt down and prayed for mercy. Conversions frequently occurred in these "social meetings." Such was the interest that the largest parlors would be filled, people coming sometimes several miles, even through inclement weather. In process of time meetings of this kind began to be held in school houses and in our houses of worship, still conducted in the same simple and informal manner. This new departure, manifestly owned and blest by the Holy Spirit, while increasing in favor with younger and some of the middle-aged members, was looked upon with a feeling of fearfulness, and was even opposed by some of the older members. A visit was made by one of these—an elder, and a really good, tender-hearted man—to our home, when he admonished us to abstain from such meetings. The reason he gave was that it led to "creaturely activity," and "unauthorized speaking in meeting." This opposition had the effect to discourage some who had given evidence of genuine Christian experience, causing them apparently to lose their interest. It was doubtless far from the wish of

those who opposed, to put any obstacle in the way of any good work, but was an instance, such as has often occurred in the history of the church, of a "zeal of God, but not according to knowledge."

One of the most marked instances I have ever witnessed of the out-pouring of the Spirit upon a whole congregation, was in the autumn of 1860, at the time of Indiana Yearly Meeting. The late Lindley M. Hoag and Rebecca T. Updegraff, who, as visiting ministers, were in attendance at the Yearly Meeting, appointed an evening "meeting for the youth." It was held in the large old brick edifice, whose seating capacity, including the galleries, I should judge was 1,500 or over. This was densely filled. Besides prayer at the beginning, those who had called the meeting had comparatively little to say. They seemed to feel it was a meeting for the people. In those days we had no singing. A remarkable feeling of solemnity came over the vast throng, and the silence was broken only as one here and another there in the body of the meeting, would rise and utter a few broken sentences, or kneel in a brief prayer. Many in that meeting were heard for the first time in this way. The meeting continued with unabated interest till about midnight, and even then every one seemed reluctant to have it close. At length the venerable Elijah Coffin, who for many years had been at the head of the Yearly

Meeting as its efficient clerk, after giving expression to his feelings in the language of Mary, the mother of Jesus, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," etc., proposed that the meeting close.

There was not at any time anything approaching wildness, or undue excitement. No report of it can convey an adequate conception of it. This could be gained only by being present, and feeling its power. An account of this meeting was soon widely circulated, and some of the conservative brethren in the east were liberal in their criticisms. Not long after this notable occasion, an approved minister from Indiana was visiting families in the east, and calling at the home of an aged Friend, a widow, he asked if an opportunity for religious service would be acceptable. She promptly refused, saying she had no unity with Indiana Friends. She went on to tell him she heard "they recently held a meeting at Richmond that continued till midnight, when they prayed and prayed one after another; I could not tell how many did pray." She could not consent to receive a family visit from such Friends. The minister replied: "When our Savior was on earth He ate and drank with publicans and sinners. Thou hast gotten so in advance of Him that thou wilt not allow one to sit down in thy house; if thou would pray more and judge less, it would be good for thy soul." Might not this

answer have been the Lord's message to her?—justified by the text that commends, on some occasions, an answer to certain persons "according to their folly?" This incident shows at least how the revival was estimated in some quarters.

About the time of which I have been writing, a very remarkable revival broke out at Spiceland, in Henry County, Indiana, and at Walnut Ridge, in Rush County. It seemed to come spontaneously, and without any special instrumentality. People came together as if moved by one common impulse, and many of different ages and stations were brought under the most poignant conviction, and groups of earnest seekers would gather in different parts of the church and others would gather around them to pray with and for them, and many conversions was the result. This was a thing so unique of latter times among Friends, and one which the church at that time was not prepared to foster and direct, that very considerable opposition was raised against it by some of the leaders in our church. Too much repression, both in church and state, tends to provoke revolt. This movement, viewed in the light of history, was evidently in its beginning, a work of the Holy Spirit, but as Satan is ever ready to thwart any good work, he succeeded in turning the enthusiasm of some who, doubtless, were truly awakened into fanaticism,

which refused subjection to church authority, and which carried some of its victims to great extremes. Some made very extravagant claims to revelation and the leading of the Spirit, uttering prophecies; some going so far as to prophesy that the church building would fall; and that the dead would come out of their graves. Under the claim of holding direct converse with God, they held themselves aloof from all advice from their brethren in the church. One man, who had stood well in the church and the community, refused to have a fertile farm cultivated for one season at least, under the plea that God told him to let his land lie waste. Thus the wildest fanaticism displayed itself in many ways for a time. It was thought by some of the soundest judgment, that if the church in the beginning of this remarkable phenomenon, had been less repressive, and had given judicious encouragement to truly awakened souls, those fanatical developments would not have followed. However this may have been, I suppose we are not competent to judge. Certain it is this danger always lies very near the high tide revival, when people are stirred out of a condition of lethargy, by an extraordinary out-pouring of the Spirit. Intense enthusiasm carries susceptible natures up to the border line of fanaticism. It is well for the church at such times, to avoid all rash and hasty judgment, lest what is genuine should

be regarded as a counterfeit, a mistake which was made by some at Pentecost, as well as when our Lord rode in triumph into Jerusalem.

Meetings of a character similar to those I have been describing, not all of them attended by the objectionable features mentioned above, occurred in other sections. In process of time, what might be designated the effervescence, subsided, and some substantial good results remained. Some of those who were carried to almost irrational extremes, became settled in a sober, useful Christian life, while others continued in their fanatical course, resulting in some instances in insanity, in others in irreligion and immorality.

The connection between mind and body is so close that they react on each other, so that it is not strange when the mind is deeply affected, to see the nervous and physical system display some visible signs corresponding with the emotional state. On the other hand, the voice and bodily movements may exert a reflex influence on the emotional element of our nature.

The demonstration of the Spirit is not identical with the spirit of demonstration. In high tide revivals both, doubtless, sometimes exist, and it may not always be easy to distinguish between the two. Some allowance must be made for a difference of temper-

ament in different individuals. Depth of religious feeling can not be safely judged by that which is exhibited merely by the emotions.

The experience of thirty years and more in revival work, and careful observation, has resulted in the conviction that a play on the emotions on the part of ministers and evangelists, may be carried too far, and is not productive of the most permanent good. The judgment needs to be convinced, and the understanding informed at the same time that the feelings are stirred; when this is not the case, the result is apt to be what is indicated by the seed on stony ground—"soon fallen away because it had no deepness of earth."

Genuine religion is a matter of feeling, as well as of the understanding, and no sound objection can be urged against the proper expression of what is felt, but it is unfortunate when workers adopt noisy methods, violent ejaculations and gestures, to awaken emotion in others. The result is mere sensationalism, and is sure to be followed by a reaction, and hinders, rather than promotes, genuine piety. This has unfortunately occurred under the leadership of some revivalists at different times during the revival period of which we have been speaking.

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL MEETINGS.

EARLY in the revival period there originated a new movement—first in Indiana Yearly Meeting, which took the name of “General Meetings.” A committee was appointed to hold meetings of a public character at such times and places as they might deem proper. I was one of the number appointed. In pursuance of this policy, meetings were held in various places, some in the country districts, some in cities within the territorial limits of the Yearly Meeting—one in Chicago, one in Cincinnati, and several in different parts of Indiana, western Ohio and southern Michigan. These at first continued only a few days, and a part of the time was devoted to prepared addresses on the distinctive doctrines of the Friends Church. It was soon manifest that this denominational teaching was not meeting the needs of the people, and the meetings assumed a distinctively evangelistic character, and the time of their continuance was prolonged. The work was owned of the Lord, many souls were converted, and added to the church; declining meetings were revived, closed meeting houses were re-

opened, and in some instances, meeting houses belonging to other denominations were turned over to Friends, and those who had worshiped in them, united with our church. The example of Indiana Yearly Meeting was followed by most of the American Yearly Meetings, which adopted the plan of holding General Meetings. The result in varying degrees, was similar to that which has just been mentioned.

In process of time the work assumed a somewhat different form. Revival meetings began to be held under the supervision of local meetings, under the leadership of local workers, and sometimes visiting ministers coming on a concern of their own, or some who came in response to a Macedonian cry for help from local meetings, or committees, would assume the conducting of a series of meetings. As a result, the committees of the Yearly Meetings, instead of holding meetings, as at first, took the form of advisory boards to assist by counsel and means placed in their hands, in general evangelistic, church extension, and pastoral work.

An account of some of the General Meetings which I have attended, I shall endeavor to sketch. The first one, by authority of New York Yearly Meeting was held at Farmington, eighteen miles east of Rochester, beginning the 18th of Eighth month, 1871, and continuing with two sessions a day for four

days. The following, printed in a local paper at the time, will give some idea of the character of the meetings: "Their meetings commenced the 18th of August, and continued till Monday night, the 22d, that is, the General Meetings proper. Two sessions a day were held, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. The crowd in attendance steadily increased up to Sunday, the 20th, when it was immense. Long before the hour of meeting, on Sabbath morning, it was one continual stream of carriages and wagons coming in from the numerous roads that center there. The large Hicksite house (which was kindly given up to them) and the smaller Orthodox house, were filled to overflowing, besides a large meeting in the grove. Powerful sermons and exhortations were given. Good order and the most respectful attention were shown for such vast congregations. We understand that large meetings were held at Manchester, Canandaigua, Victor and Fairport on Sabbath evening beside one in the large house at Farmington which was largely attended. A more impressive scene can hardly be imagined, and notwithstanding there were at the meetings referred to, over thirty ministers, and the house filled to overflowing, with no human chairman, clerk or moderator to officiate, not one single jar was felt—not one ripple to mar the beauty and impressiveness of their mode of worship. Now the silence is broken by the sweet,

plaintive prayer of a sister—earnest, full of faith and confidence; then follows the deep, swelling exhortation of a brother; a few moments of silence passes by as if waiting a renewal of the Spirit, and then a brother arises to speak; no manuscript, no notes, but a simple dependence on the Spirit's guidance—and surely there is some Being higher than human, that can give to Christ's ministers such power of utterance, and a sway and control over the minds of such a promiscuous audience; strong men are made to weep like babes, the sinner to tremble, while the converted ones are strengthened and encouraged on the way to the Golden City."

"None who listened to the masterly and powerful array of truths as set forth by Luke Woodard, as to the divinity of Christ Jesus of Nazareth, and his oneness with the Father; the wonderful power of David B. Updegraff, in explaining the promises of God to His children, and the "higher life" within the reach of all prayerful and faithful ones; or the precision and clearness of Murray Shipley, the logic of Robert W. Douglas; the warm-hearted appeals and presentation of Gospel truths by Daniel Hill; the earnestness in Christ's work of Nathan Frame; and the clear ringing tones and manly utterances of William Witherald, without acknowledging them as ministers of the Lord."

“Throughout the meeting a large number confessed their need of a Savior, and a desire to live closer to Him. Many who had never known a Savior found Him there.”

The above extracts are given to show the interest awakened by this first General Meeting of Friends in New York, and may prove interesting as history. There was, as far as I can remember, no singing in any of the meetings.

Other General Meetings followed this one in the State of New York. The next one I was privileged to attend was held in Brooklyn, in the autumn or early winter of 1871. This was attended by some of the same ministers who were at the meeting at Farmington, and was an occasion of deep Spiritual interest. It was attended by some of the prominent ministers of the city, among them was the Rev. T. L. Cuyler. My wife accompanied me to this meeting. While there we had our first sight of the ocean.

While in Brooklyn, I became deeply solicitous for the salvation of our own children, and asked my wife to join me in special prayer for them; for I said I can not go forward in the work contented, with a consciousness that they are not gathered into the fold. Our son, in his eighteenth year, was then in college. The next letter from him contained these words: “Father and mother, I want you to know that while

you are out trying to bring others to Christ, you have a son that feels the need of something he has not yet realized." On our return home during the holiday season, he was with us on his vacation. During his stay at that time, he and both our daughters, one in her twelfth, the other in her sixth year, were all converted at our own home.

There was a General Meeting at Cornwall, New York, I think the autumn following the one at Brooklyn, to which I went in response to an invitation from the Yearly Meeting's Committee. A very considerable interest was manifested in this meeting. Besides the resident population, there was at that season of the year, a considerable number of persons who came from the cities to spend a few weeks at the hotels and boarding houses, in that beautiful locality among the hills on the Hudson River. We had an attendance from this class, giving them an opportunity to become somewhat acquainted with Friends.

The next General Meeting I attended was held at Glens Falls, New York, at the beginning of the year 1872. As Friends had not at that time any church in that village, the meetings were held in the large Methodist church, which was kindly opened for our use. My co-workers in this meeting were John Henry Douglas and David B. Updegraff, the former from Wilmington, the latter from Mt. Pleasant, Ohio. The

house was filled, and from the very first the meetings were characterized by an unusual out-pouring of the Spirit. Traditional professors knelt by the side of the openly sinful, and many of both classes found peace with God. One Friend, whose home was in Brooklyn, who, while consistent in his outward life, had never been converted, and who came to the meetings with some feeling of fearfulness, if not of opposition, became deeply convicted, bowed and sought and found peace with God. He was so overjoyed that, unwilling to wait till his return home to tell his family the good news, or even for a letter to reach them, he sent a telegram to announce that he had found his Savior. On his return he took his wife and children (several in number), and in the public meeting in Brooklyn, where he resided, told his experience, and then publicly consecrated himself and family to the Lord.

The result of this series of meetings was the accession of quite a number to the churches. I think the larger number joining the Methodists, as Friends meeting was some two miles out in the country, and was hampered by conservatism.

Another General Meeting was held at Glens Falls just a year from the time the first one was held, in the beginning of the year 1873. It was held in the same house, and was conducted by the three ministers

mentioned in connection with the other, viz.: John Henry Douglas, David B. Updegraff and myself. The Lord had given us a large place in the hearts of the people there, and never did a trio of workers labor together in greater harmony. Each one had his distinctive gift, yet all blended in unity and mutual adjustment. One elderly Friend, who was looked upon as a leader in that Quarterly Meeting, gave this laconic description of our individual adaptation to the work in progress: "Luke Woodard lays the foundation, and teaches the way; John Henry Douglas presses them in; and David B. Updegraff fixes them so they will stand."

The cardinal doctrines of Christianity were preached, including the sinfulness of sin, and man's deep apostasy together with the hopeless and eternal misery of the unsaved; the ample provisions of God's free grace, and world-embracing love for man's salvation, through the coming, ministry, atoning sacrifice, resurrection, ascension, and intercession of the Son of God; made effectual on the condition of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.

The work of the Holy Spirit was given a prominent place in his varied offices of convicting, regenerating and sanctifying; also as a guide and comforter of the believer. The Lord blest the work of this

second meeting quite as largely as the first, and many were converted, and a very considerable number claimed to have entered the "second rest," or the experience of entire sanctification. This series of meetings was characterized by deep feeling, and yet the absence of anything like mere sensationalism,—prayer, preaching and testimony, and personal work with those who gathered around the platform as seekers, with very little singing, constituted the service of the meetings. The pastor of that church seemed to be very much impressed, and remarked publicly that he saw a successful meeting could be held without a great deal of noise and human management.

One incident occurred which I think deserves special mention. At one of the afternoon meetings (which was large), where seekers were coming forward in response to a public invitation, a young lady somewhat gayly dressed, and with apparently no serious concern, came up in front. D. B. U. addressing her said: "Sister, what have you come for?" She replied: "You invited us to come, and I thought I would come and see what you wanted." "Well, then," said he, "let us kneel in prayer." She knelt in front of him on the opposite side of the altar railing. He said, "Now, sister, pray." She replied: "Tell me what you want me to say." The minister said, "Say, O God, have mercy on me and break my proud and

wicked heart, and forgive all my sins, and save my soul from hell, for Jesus sake." She followed with these words in a very flippant manner. D. B. U. said: "Now, sister, say it again." She did so with no apparent feeling. He said: "Now say it again." She again repeated the same words, but this time her voice trembled. Brother U. said: "Now, sister, just remain kneeling here, and repeating that prayer." He quietly left her alone. Returning some little time afterwards, he found her weeping under deep conviction. God had met her and answered her prayer, begun in mockery, by breaking her proud and wicked heart. Although she was not clearly converted at that meeting, yet the step taken that day proved to be the beginning of a seeking which not long afterwards, resulted in her conversion. Some months later D. B. U., on alighting from a railway train, observed on the platform a lady approaching him, who seemed to recognize him. She addressed him and asked if he did not recognize her. Replying in the negative, he was asked if he did not remember the incident concerning a young lady at Glens Falls the previous winter, rehearsing the story as it occurred. When he told her he did remember, she said, "I am that person," and told of her subsequent conversion, tracing it back as the result of that meeting, acknowledging that when she came forward it was with no serious motive.

A "General Meeting" was held in the city of Rochester, New York, in the spring of 1873, which, by invitation of the committee having charge of this work, I attended, accompanied by my wife. There were several other ministers in attendance. The meetings were held in one of the largest churches in the city, and attracted very large congregations, a "Quaker General Meeting" being something of a novelty in that city. It was not, however, attended by many known definite results, but served a useful purpose in addition to affording an opportunity for preaching the Gospel to large numbers, in making the people better acquainted with the doctrines and principles of our church.

CHAPTER IV.

EVANGELISTIC AND ITINERANT LABORS.

FROM the date of my acknowledgment in 1862, I was engaged in visiting and holding meetings in various parts of the country, sometimes in places not far from home, at other times in more distant localities. Liberty for these visits was granted me by the home meetings as required by our Discipline, and their unity was certified by certificates officially signed by the officers of the meeting. Without attempting to give dates, in all cases, or to place them in the order in which they occurred, I will give only a brief and partial summary. This has already been done to a limited extent in previous pages of this sketch of my life; in addition to this, mention may be made of further work.

In the course of my ministerial service I have attended in their annual sessions, all the Yearly Meetings on the American continent east of the Rocky Mountains, except that of Wilmington, and most of them more than once, in the limits of which I have labored more or less extensively. While I never attended Wilmington Yearly Meeting, previous to its

establishment, I attended most, if not all, the meetings now composing it.

My service in Baltimore did not extend beyond the sessions of the Yearly Meeting. I found an open door in that city, especially in the morning devotional meetings, in which many seemed to be definitely blessed under the teaching on the subject of entire sanctification. This was in the autumn of 1876. Immediately following this, I attended North Carolina Yearly Meeting, and remained for some weeks visiting some of its subordinate meetings. In my attendance of the former of these two Yearly Meetings, I was accompanied by my son, and at both of them, by my friends, Emmor and Ann M. Haines, of Buffalo, New York. North Carolina Friends had not at that time, fully recovered from the effects of our late civil war, and seemed very appreciative of the service of visiting Friends, and as it was the native State of my ancestors, and as that Yearly Meeting was in a sense the parent of all the Yearly Meetings north and west of the Ohio River, my visit there was to me one of very special interest, and I confess to having felt ever since a desire to revisit that part of our country.

IN NEW YORK—FARMINGTON QUARTERLY MEETING.

By invitation of the committee of New York Yearly Meeting on evangelistic work, and in pursuance of

an apprehended duty, myself and wife entered that field for Gospel service, first in the winter of 1873. We began by attending Farmington Quarterly Meeting, held at that place, and followed with a series of meetings. Nothing in the way of special revival meetings among Friends in that place had ever been held, with the exception of the General Meeting previously mentioned. Hence some Friends were not wholly in sympathy with the movement. There was also a Hicksite meeting there, and Unitarian sentiments had gained considerable hold in the community. Notwithstanding these obstacles, the Lord blessed the word preached in a remarkable manner, and before the meetings had been in progress many days, persons of various ages and ranks began to yield to their convictions, and publicly sought, found, and confessed their Savior. Some who were leading a volatile, worldly life, attending dances, some of them heads of families, renounced that manner of life, and yielded themselves to the Lord and His service, united with Friends, and for many years afterwards, gave evidence of the genuineness of their experience by a godly walk and conversation, and others renounced their Unitarianism, and confessed to having found peace through the blood of atonement. Several of those who were converted at that time, have since died in the triumphs of the Christian faith.

A conspicuous feature of these meetings was that a number of members of our church, who were brought up Friends, some of whom were past middle life, for the first time confessed their Savior. One instance in particular deserves special mention. It will be best understood by the narration of a previous incident, which occurred the summer before. I was one of a group of some twenty Friends who were in attendance of a meeting in Rochester, and who at the time of which I speak were gathered in a social capacity when I conducted a kind of informal experience meeting by asking each in turn, to tell us how it was with their souls. When the question was addressed to one, J. H. H., a life-long member of our church, who, I should say, was fifty years of age, dressed in the plain, traditional style of Friends; one who had occupied important stations in the church, he answered evasively, with a tone indicating that he was somewhat irritated. This same Friend was at the Quarterly Meeting at Farmington, mentioned above, and remained to the series of meetings. Before they had been in progress many days, he surprised us all by stepping out in the aisle, and calling me to him, when he made the following confession, at the same time the tears running down his cheeks: "My Friends, when I heard Luke Woodard was coming to our Quarterly Meeting, I wished he would stay at home, but now I am glad he

is here. Last summer, at Rochester, a company of Friends were together, Luke Woodard being one of the number, when he asked each one present as to our experience. When he put the query to me as to whether I was converted, I felt offended and evaded the answer, thinking it was none of his business. Now, Friends, you have had confidence in me, so much so that you thought me suitable to be placed in responsible positions in the church. You have believed me to be truthful. I hope you will believe me now when I tell you that never, until since I came to this meeting, did I experience conversion. The reason I did not want to be asked if I was converted, was because I could not answer in the affirmative; and this I believe is the only reason why any one when asked, refuses. I am glad Luke Woodard came." On saying this he put his arm about my neck, as a father would embrace a son, and ever after until the day of his death, nearly thirty years afterwards, whenever he met me, he would greet me with expressions of love and confidence. There were about sixty conversions at this series of meetings and twenty joined the church. Some of these were from the Hicksite body. The experience of one of that persuasion, a young married lady, whose husband was also a member of the same, was quite remarkable. She came forward with others at my invitation and knelt at the front

seat. I knelt beside her, and after praying for those who were kneeling, I asked her to pray. She told me her difficulty as to believing in Jesus and the atonement, as we had been preaching Him. I saw it was important for her to overcome her unbelief by confessing Him, so I asked her to ask God for Christ's sake, to forgive her sins, and save her. She was evidently deeply convicted, and would argue with me: "Why not come to God directly without any one to come between me and Him?" I presented such Scripture texts as bore on the point; such as "*I am the way*, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." But still she would not yield, and finally rose without having prayed. When I called for testimonies, and many had testified to having found what they sought, she arose and said she ought not to have come forward; she did so simply because she was asked, and it was a mistake. I replied at once, "No, sister, it was not a mistake. Thy coming forward and kneeling was all right; the mistake was after doing so, instead of speaking to God, and asking Him to have mercy on thee, and save thee, thee listened to the tempter, and gave way to doubt." I then turned to the company and said: "You will yet hear this sister say, it was all right that she came forward, and that the step was blest to her and it will not be long before you will hear her say it." And so it came to pass, for

the next day, when a call was made for seekers, she came voluntarily, and this time, without urging, she poured out her soul in fervent prayer *in the name of Jesus*, and was quickly blest, and rose and testified. She said the step she took the day before was the means of breaking her pride—just the thing she needed, and she was glad she was urged to take it. She and her husband both united with Friends Church, and proved to be valuable members. Nearly thirty years afterwards I had a letter from her, in which she expressed her faith in the Lord Jesus and in the cleansing efficacy of His precious blood.

The following winter we held another series of meetings at Farmington, continuing for three or four weeks, resulting in some fifty conversions and thirty-five additions to the church. The work at that place was noted for the permanence of its results. In my diary written at the time, I made this entry: "It has not unfrequently been the case during our meetings, that the Lord's Spirit has been so wonderfully poured out upon the people that the voices of many have been joined together in songs and hymns of praise. I have occasionally felt it right for me to give utterance to my feeling in this way." This entry reveals the fact that singing in our meetings was at that date (1875) a new thing.

AT ELBA—NEW YORK.

In the winter of 1874, we held a series of meetings at Elba, a country location five miles north of Batavia, in Genessee County, New York. This was a branch of Farmington Quarterly Meeting. This meeting had become very much reduced in size, and the Spiritual life was low. The weather being very cold, and the snow deep, our meetings for several days were very small. The older members were discouraged, and the younger ones were indifferent, some of them quite worldly. One man, the head of a young family, was the leader of a dancing circle. He remarked when we first came: "Those Quakers have come to hold meetings here, and I'll bet they don't have a single convert."

Two ministers from the churches in a village two miles away, came, and finding our meetings slenderly attended, they invited us to come to the village, kindly offering us the use of their places of worship, assuring us we would have much larger congregations. E. and A. Haines, two of the Yearly Meeting committee who were with us, favored the change. We accordingly went two consecutive evenings. We did have large congregations. But I told the Friends my mission was to our own church; so we resumed our meetings in the little country church. We continued some days with no visible change, or increase in num-

bers. At length, one morning before we left our room, I opened the Bible casually, and my eye fell on 2 Chron. xiv; 11, where Asa's brief prayer is recorded: "And Asa cried unto the Lord his God and said—Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power: help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on thee, and in thy name we go against this multitude. O Lord, thou art our God, let not man prevail against thee." A signal victory followed on the side of Asa and his army, although the Ethiopians outnumbered them nearly two to one. "So the Lord smote the Ethiopians before Asa and before Judah; and the Ethiopians fled." When I read this, I felt that God intended it to be applied in the present emergency, and I said to my wife: "Shout, for God hath given you the city." And when we went to meeting that morning, although there were only the few apparently discouraged members who had been attending, yet I rose with this shout of victory raised by the hosts of Israel at the siege of Jericho,—a shout of faith, uttered before any sign of the fall of the walls was apparent. That meeting was the turning point. It was like the breaking of the ice in a river. One man, past middle age, and an officer in the meeting, brought his wife forward voluntarily and they knelt and sought and found the forgiveness of their sins. There was much feeling

manifested on the part of all who were present. When this was noised abroad the multitude came together, and from that to the close of our series, we had a full house. There were several conversions, one of the first being S. W., the one who, on our first arrival, ventured to say: "I will bet that they do not have a single convert." He and his family became active workers in the church. There were several joined the meeting, and it became, and continues to be (now over thirty years), one of the largest and most flourishing meetings of our church in the State of New York. I was told that previous to our meetings, there had not been an addition to that meeting, by request, for forty years. In subsequent years we held, at different times, series of meetings at Elba, with good results.

Following the meeting at Elba in 1874, we held a series of meetings in a school house a few miles west of Batavia. The place was known by the name *Bushville*. Two years later we attended the dedication of a new church at that place, and an organized meeting has ever since been maintained there known by the name of Batavia meeting of Friends. The work was originally started by Wm. H. Potter, a minister, with the help of a few other Friends, and has been kept in working condition under the direction of efficient pastors.

We next held a series of meetings at Wheatland, twelve miles south of Rochester, a country location in the limits of Farmington Quarterly Meeting. This was among the earlier meetings of western New York, and though not large, had some valuable members.

The interest from the beginning was good, and the effort was crowned by a goodly number of conversions, mostly among the younger class of married and unmarried people. They were above the average in point of intelligence. Several joined our church, and the meeting was greatly revived.

Next door to the meeting house lived a man, about forty years old, who was an avowed infidel. He and family attended the meetings. His wife and grown daughter were among those who were converted and joined the meeting.

The closing meeting was a testimony meeting. After a general acknowledgment of the benefit the meetings had been to them, this infidel acknowledged that he had been very deeply impressed, and that all his "infidel props had been knocked out." In view of this confession, I urged him to an immediate surrender. He replied, if he did so people would say he was acting under excitement; that it was a big thing for a man to go back on forty years of his past life. I urged him most solemnly to yield to what was to him a most favorable opportunity. That to slight

such a visitation was a most serious risk. I said God had evidently softened his heart, and that if he did not yield now he would in a short time be surprised to find how unfeeling his heart had become. But he declined to take a further step.

The following winter we held a second series of meetings there. This was also very successful, resulting in a number of conversions and additions to the church. A second daughter of the infidel was converted. He attended the meetings and at the close, when others had testified, he expressed himself to the effect that he saw that the meetings seemed to have been very much enjoyed by others, while as to himself, he did not feel as he did a year ago. I at once reminded him and the rest, of what I had told him at the close of the previous meeting. I said it was impossible to resist conviction as he had done, without the heart becoming harder. I again urged him in view of what he saw, and had felt to begin on the "capital" that was left him, and not wait for more feeling; that feeling would come by calling on God whose Spirit he had quenched. "Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you," is His promise. I went home with him, and in his own house asked him to kneel with me, which he did, but would not open his mouth in prayer. The last I heard of him he was still unchanged.

I have rarely seen a better opening for building up

a strong Friends meeting, than this at Wheatland. But Friends at that time and in that meeting, had not come to see the importance of pastoral work, and for the lack of shepherding and feeding, those who had joined the meeting, became discouraged, and went to other churches, and the older members died, and in the course of years the meeting went down. For some time now there has been no meeting of Friends there. A feeling of sadness always attends the recall of this chapter of our church's history.

Besides the meetings already mentioned within the limits of Farmington Quarterly Meeting, we held series of meetings in all the other meetings comprising it—six in number; with varying interest, but at none of them did the visible results appear so marked. Several of those meetings have since gone down.

SCIPIO QUARTERLY MEETING.

Our work in this Quarter began in the winter of 1874. Our first series of meetings was at a place known as North Street Meeting. This section was noted for the number of separations in our church. First the Hicksite schism in 1827-8; and some twenty years later, what was known as the Wilburite separation; this faction again subdivided twice. At a funeral in the Hicksite meeting house on New Year's Day,

1874, I made the fifth minister on the upper bench, each of us representing a different "*Society of Friends*."

As a result of this state of things, our meetings in that Quarter were small. But there seemed to be a readiness on the part of some to attend and to receive the word preached.

Two cases deserve especial mention in connection with our meetings at North Street. One was that of a man, who, with his wife, had gone with the Wilburites. At one of our day meetings he was suddenly seized with what appeared to be an alarming attack of some physical ailment. He turned deathly pale. Some of his friends led him out in the yard, where he told them it was a mental, or soul trouble, rather than a physical one that ailed him, and that he must return to the meeting and give himself up. This he did, and experienced relief. He and his wife both joined our church, and brought up a family of estimable Christian children. He was recorded a minister, and they both passed some years since triumphantly to the church above. I preached at his funeral.

The other case was that of his mother-in-law, who also had gone with those who had seceded. She was a pious woman; one whose outward appearance was patterned after the style of older Friends fifty years

ago—plainly dressed, and scrupulous as to our distinctive manner of speech. She lived with her son-in-law mentioned above. After our meetings had been in progress a few days, her children asked her to go with them to the meetings. She replied she would do as the Lord directed her. She said she prayed about it, and felt it was right for her to go. The first meeting she attended was a day meeting. When she came to the door she heard us singing. She said to herself, "This is no Friends meeting." Again, checking herself, she thought, "Have I come here to judge; had I not better wait and see?" After I had spoken, I opened the way for any to speak who felt like it. She was the first; and gave a clear testimony to her own conversion; and present acceptance with God. From this she identified herself with us, soon joined our church, and became in time a recorded minister, and to the close of her life remained in good standing. She adhered to the plain Quaker garb, but was by no means narrow. She had the qualities of meekness, gentleness and charity, and withal, displayed a cheerful liberty in Christ much beyond the ordinary type of Christians with whom it has been my lot to mingle. I used playfully to call her "*the eighth* wonder of the world."

Several besides those already mentioned, joined the North Street Meeting. A series of meetings fol-

lowed at South Street, four miles distant, and several joined there. We also held meetings at Hector, Union Springs and Skaneateles, the remaining meetings of Scipio Quarter. There were not any marked results in these beyond the reviving and strengthening of the membership.

BUTTERNUTTS QUARTER.

The constituent meetings of this Quarter were located in several different counties in central New York. Friends in those counties were once very numerous, there being at one time twenty-six meetings. But a terrible blight came over them from the effects of Hicksism, and other causes, so that at the time we began work there in 1874, there were but six meetings, and four of these were very small.

Our place of beginning was Le Ray, in Jefferson County. We held a short series of meetings resulting in several conversions, and eight (all adults) gave their names for membership. The spirit of division had been rife in this meeting for several years. They would not endure sound doctrine, and the members were restricted in the exercise of their Christian liberty. One woman had been disowned for singing once in their meeting, and a large number for trivial things.

Some time after we were there, a man who had applied for membership sung a stanza or two, and

was brought before the magistrate upon a charge preferred by the leaders of the meeting, for disturbing a religious meeting. He was not guilty of any unbecoming manner, save that the fact of his *singing* was to *his accusers offensive*. The laws of New York made the decision of a magistrate in such cases final. In this instance, the magistrate being thoroughly in sympathy with the conservative element, adjudged him guilty, and imposed a fine, which with costs, amounted to one hundred and fifteen dollars (\$115). What a showing for the children of ancestors who had suffered so much in behalf of liberty of conscience!

The disturbed condition of this meeting was taken up by the Representative Body of New York Yearly Meeting, with the result that a committee from that body (which, at that time, was quite conservative) advised the erection of another meeting house in that locality in which those who were opposed to revival meetings might hold their meetings. Many Friends regarded this mode of settling the difficulty as a weak, unwise and unnecessary compromise. It was really no settlement after all, for soon after the conservative meeting seceded in a body and joined the Wilburites in Canada. The leader of the party, who was in the station of a minister, had shown his opposition in various ways to the work of the Yearly Meeting, and when holding a series of meetings there, as mentioned

above, I began to sing, he rose and hurriedly left the meeting, closing the door after him with a slam.

We went from Le Ray to Westmoreland, in Oneida County. This was the principal meeting of that Quarter. Emmor Haines, who was chairman of the Yearly Meeting's Committee on Evangelistic Work, and his wife, another member of the committee, were with us. When the subject of holding a series of meetings was submitted to the members of that meeting, all except one or two were opposed, on the ground of not being in favor of revival meetings, but the janitor, an elderly Friend, said they must be subordinate to the Yearly Meeting, and if the committee so decided, he would open the house. This was accordingly done and we began meetings. Those who had opposed did not attend, except the regular meetings as they came in course. On account of the indifference and opposition, the spiritual tide did not rise very high for a time, but as the meetings progressed the attendance and interest increased, and there were some conversions, some of them rather remarkable, and several expressed that they were glad the meetings had been held.

A noteworthy circumstance occurred at the close of the meetings. The very day they closed, the small-pox broke out in the neighborhood, and there was a case in every family of those Friends who absented

themselves from the meetings, and not one in those families who attended. This was in the winter of 1874. The following winter we revisited Westmoreland, and held another series of meetings. We found those who were converted the previous winter still abiding faithful, but owing to the opposition of the leading Friends, the work moved slowly for a time. The opposers, however, different from the winter before, attended our meetings; possibly profiting by the lesson of the smallpox epidemic.

When the meetings had progressed for several days with no visible signs of a hoped-for breakdown, at the conclusion of my sermon I sat down, and with my face buried in my hands, I wept. While in this position I heard some one in front of me addressing me. I raised my eyes, and was greatly surprised to see the very man who had been foremost in opposing the work, standing before me with his hand extended to me. He said: "Brother, I have come to ask thy forgiveness for all I have done and said against thee and thy work. God has forgiven me; and I ask thee to forgive me." I at once put my arm around him and we knelt together, and he followed me in a most earnest, heart-broken prayer. The meeting was large, and I do not think there was a dry eye in the house. This was like hoisting a floodgate, and we had a most blessed revival. This man had a large family of

grown-up children; all these except one, were converted, besides a number of others. I have rarely seen so great a change come so suddenly over a community.

After attending meetings in the southern section of this Quarterly Meeting (Butternuts), we held a series of meetings at Smyrna, which resulted in several conversions. Of all the meetings, however, in this Quarter, a series we held at West Branch, ten miles north of Rome, was the most successful. There was once a large meeting at that place, but it had gone down, and there was no meeting held regularly there, though a few Friends still lived there, and for months at a time, the meeting house, the only place of worship in a radius of several miles, had stood unoccupied. On one of the posts was written the sentence: "Here all alone,"—this several times repeated, was dated to correspond with the time of each lonely attendance, and signed by an aged Friend who resided in the neighborhood.

When we began our meetings the surrounding circumstances seemed unpropitious; gambling, drunkenness and profanity being practiced on an extensive scale.

But from the very first, our meetings were well attended. The Spirit of God applied the truth, and before the meetings had progressed many days several

responded to a call to rise for prayer. Each day both numbers and interest increased up to the last meeting we attended, which was crowded. Good order was maintained, and day after day, precious souls were brought to the feet of Jesus in confession and prayer, and went out rejoicing. Men of gray hairs, of more than three score and ten, and children of less than ten; the refined and cultivated, and the uneducated and the dissipated; wives and husbands newly married; and parents and children knelt side by side, and prayed, and wept, and rejoiced together. Cards, whiskey and tobacco were abjured. Wives who had almost become broken-hearted over husbands, sung aloud for joy, and it seemed enough to move any heart to hear the confessions, appeals and warnings of those who had made their escape from the thralldom of sin and the path to perdition.

One old man of unimpeachable outward life, knelt with others, and vocally offered the publican's prayer, and afterwards testified that a dreadful load which he had carried for a long time, was gone. He said he had been trying to find peace in private but had failed, and so resolved to try a public committal of himself and open confession, and now was at rest in Jesus. He had several sons who, influenced by this example of their father, also came out on the Lord's side.

Though our meetings lasted but ten days, yet during that time there were fifty converted and forty-eight joined Friends, and revisiting them some months afterwards, it was very gratifying to find them steadfast. A marked change was visible in the neighborhood. The meeting being put under pastoral care, continued to grow, and in a few years they erected a new meeting house, with a house adjoining for a residence for the minister.

LABOR IN PURCHASE QUARTER, NEW YORK.

We held a series of meetings at Chappaqua. Here were thirty conversions and several joined Friends.

We also attended a short series at Mamaroneck, resulting in a few conversions. Following this we began a series of meetings at Purchase. They began in the Friends meeting house located in the country not very accessible to any but a few Friends. The membership was not large, and our meetings at first were small, and the outlook was by no means encouraging. Thos. W. Ladd, the chairman of the Yearly Meeting Committee, wrote us he thought we need not spend much time there, but my wife seemed to have it given her to see that a great work was to be done there, and so expressed herself publicly before there was any outward indication of it. This was soon verified, for transferring our meetings to the

village, where a Methodist chapel was opened for us, we had a full house, and during the three weeks we were there, about seventy-five were converted and reclaimed, and several united with Friends. Had the Friends there provided a permanent meeting house, as we suggested, it would have saved much of the fruit of this revival. Failing to do this, and still adhering to the out-of-the-way place, the meeting was soon reduced, and other churches harvested the result of our revival meeting.

LABOR IN NINE PARTNERS' QUARTER.

A series of meetings in the city of Poughkeepsie was small at first, but was soon characterized by an abundant outpouring of the Spirit. Deep conviction took hold of the people, and the house was filled night after night, and the day meetings were well attended. Fifty professed conversion, and there were several additions to the meeting.

We also held meetings at Clinton Corners, a branch of this same Quarter, with some conversions.

We also held meetings in Ferrisburg Quarter at the several local meetings. There was in this section of Vermont, an open door and a readiness to receive the Gospel, and our meetings resulted in some conversions and the "strengthening of the brethren."

At the three meetings of Glens Falls, Mereau, and

Ft. Edward Center, we held meetings which resulted in some conversions and additions to the church. That at Mereau was characterized by a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit. The house was sometimes so crowded at an early hour, that when we came we had difficulty in getting to our seats. Many were converted, and several entered into the experience of entire sanctification. At the closing meeting over two hundred testified that Jesus was precious to their souls.

We held a series of meetings in Twentieth Street meeting house (Friends) in New York City, in 1876. This meeting was quite conservative, yet we found a more open door than we expected. The Monthly Meeting which occurred while our meetings were in progress, endorsed and encouraged the work. There were some conversions.

Cornwall Quarterly Meeting, on the west side of the Hudson River, was another field where we labored in series of meetings in all its subordinate meetings—Cornwall, The Valley, Milton, Clintondale and Rosendale, with some conversions in all.

CHAPTER V.

EVANGELISTIC LABORS

Continued

LABOR IN NEW ENGLAND YEARLY MEETING.

WHILE we attended this Yearly Meeting when convened in its collective capacity several times, and visited several of its constituent meetings, our connection with series of meetings was limited to two points, viz.: New Bedford, Massachusetts, and Winthrop, Maine.

At the former place we held a series of meetings in Seventh month, 1880, lasting just four weeks. The leading Friends of that place were somewhat conservative, and we consequently felt the need of being, in a right sense, "all things to all men, that by all means we might save some." The need seemed to be a clear presentation of the Gospel, especially the doctrine of justification by faith. For want of a clear understanding on this point, several of the older members, though most exemplary, were not in the enjoyment of the assurance of their own personal salvation. But as these listened to the truth from day to day

with receptive minds and hearts, they were greatly blessed, and we were rejoiced to hear them testify to a realization of their acceptance. In addition to this, there were several conversions, and before the meetings closed, we found the conservatism had largely given way and we had liberty in the method of conducting our meetings very much as we did in other places.

The meetings at Winthrop were owned of God in the conversion of some souls, one being a man who had for several years been prominent, both in our church and in society at large—a talented, educated man, who was possessed of large means.

REVIVAL MEETINGS IN OHIO YEARLY MEETING.

We had an invitation to attend a series of meetings at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, in the spring of 1872.

It was objected by some in arranging for this meeting that at that season of the year, their hilly roads were usually almost impassible. David B. Updegraff, in his characteristic manner, replied: “The Lord can control the weather.” It was a notable fact that, contrary to what was usual at that season, the weather during the meetings was fine, and the roads exceptionally good.

Our meetings were signally blest, not only in con-

versions, but resulted in liberalizing to some extent a conservative element existing among Friends there at that time.

A second series of meetings which I conducted at the same place some years later, was yet more successful, so far as the number of conversions was concerned: as well as I remember some seventy-five professed conversion and renewal, and a number claimed the experience of sanctification.

It was about this time that David B. Updegraff was recorded a minister.

Further revival work in Ohio Yearly Meeting may be summarized as follows: A series of meetings at Damascus, and one at Salem, in both of which John Henry Douglas was with me. There was good interest, and several conversions at both places.

The meetings at Salem continued for several days with few in attendance. The Hicksite, and later, the Wilburite separation, had decimated our membership there, and produced general apathy in the community; but as our meetings progressed in answer to much prayer, and the faithful preaching of the word, conviction came upon the people, the attendance increased, until finally the large house was filled from night to night, and a very gracious revival crowned the effort.

During two different winters I attended revival meetings in Adrian Quarter, Michigan, belonging to

Ohio Yearly Meeting. In these I had the very efficient assistance of David B. Updegraff. In both these meetings there was a signal manifestation of the Holy Spirit, resulting in a number of conversions and renewals, and also in the profession of the experience of entire sanctification of others.

I held a series of meetings at West Grove, about twelve miles from Mt. Pleasant, Ohio. While the meetings were in progress, I received a letter from my wife at New Garden, Indiana, our home at that time, stating that a series of meetings were in progress there under the leadership of A. K., and some of the members thought I ought to come home so as to attend them. Upon the receipt of this word, though the meetings were progressing very satisfactorily, I decided to close them, and so informed the people at the close of an evening meeting. This was a great surprise to them, and they asked me to continue, and putting it to an expression of the meeting, they un-animously voted in favor of their continuance, and said they would appoint a meeting for the next evening, and would pray that I would yet decide to remain. My train did not leave till a little after noon the next day. A short time before dinner, two persons came who belonged to separate meetings, each several miles distant, having had no communication with us or with each other, having been impressed

with the feeling that for some reason our series of meetings which they knew were in progress, were liable to close prematurely. This, together with the expression the previous evening, impressed me very deeply. I began to feel that possibly I had allowed the word from home unduly to influence me. I at once remarked to the effect that we all wanted the right thing to be done, and that we must commit it to the Lord in prayer. We all knelt and earnestly asked His direction. While on our knees, the conviction was clear in my own mind that I should not disregard these remarkable providential indications, and that I should entrust the home affair to God and the people there, and should return to the meetings. But I resolved that before informing the rest, of my decision, I would first hear theirs. I said to them we must all let our preferences be secondary, and be cheerfully subject to what we felt to be the divine will in the matter. It was but a little time till my train was due. On rising, one after another expressed themselves in accordance with my own secret conviction. We accordingly continued our meetings with very manifest blessing to many souls, thus confirming us in the belief that we had been rightly led. This conviction was subsequently confirmed by a second letter from my wife. She stated that at a meeting at New Garden which closed at the identical hour we were en-

gaged in prayer, as I have narrated, she was approaching A. K. to ask his advice in regard to writing me to come home, when, as if he knew her intention, which, however, he had no outward means of knowing, he called out to the retiring company, saying: "Friends, we must have one more prayer." And kneeling down he prayed: "O Lord, if it is thy will that thy servant who is away in thy work, should come home, send him immediately; if not, tie him fast. Amen."

I leave the reader to interpret this incident for himself. Subsequent developments at New Garden, satisfied Friends there that my decision was right.

REVIVALS IN INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.

Early in the revival period in our church, after I had been holding meetings in other places, our home Friends began to ask, "Why can't we have such meetings?" Accordingly at one of our usual midweek meetings I spoke on the subject, somewhat as answering the question, *What is a genuine revival?* and *How brought about?* In answer to the first I made emphatic the fact that it was not a temporary excitement, but a real work of the Spirit in awakening and convicting sinners, leading them to the acceptance of Christ as their Savior; in reclaiming the backslidden; and in bringing those who were already converted,

into a deeper, broader and more steadfast experience, and withal resulting in a godly outward life.

As to how it was to be brought about, I endeavored to explain that God's method was to send these gracious visitations in answer to the prayers of His people who are thoroughly consecrated to Him, co-operating with Him in the use of such means, and instrumentalities, as He might see meet to employ. Chief among these was the preaching of the Gospel. At the close of my remarks, I asked all who were willing to join me in a pledge to pray for such a revival, leaving all to God as to the instruments he might choose to employ, to rise. All except a few arose. Following this, one man of decided conservative character, said in explanation for not rising, that he was not opposed to a revival, but he was not in favor of revivals gotten up by men, to which I said, "Amen, the proposition is to pray God to send a revival in His own way."

Not long after this a series of meetings was begun, with no ministers but those who resided in our locality. They had gone on but a day or two, when a minister who was assisting in the meetings, asked if any one present desired to join him in prayer, that such would come forward. Whereupon the man referred to above as declining to rise to my proposition, went forward, unaccompanied by any other one, and

kneeling beside the minister who had extended the invitation, offered a fervent and heart-broken prayer. Though a birthright member and a man past middle life, it was the first time he had ever been heard to pray. He told afterwards how in the course of the previous night, he was suddenly awakened to an awful realization of his lost and undone condition. He was happily converted. His thus coming out when his former attitude was so well known, was a surprise to every one, and the result was, as is usual in such cases, a great impetus was given to the work, and a revival followed, and many souls were converted and renewed.

A subsequent revival was held in the Wesleyan Church in Fountain City, under the joint leadership of the pastor of that church and myself, which resulted in about seventy-five conversions. At the close of the meetings, when opportunity was given to the converts to express their choice of church membership, one-half joined Friends, the other half the Wesleyans.

Other revivals of equal power were held at nearby places, especially one at Arba, and more than one at Dover. At points more distant in Indiana Yearly Meeting, I may mention Greensfork, Amboy, Vandalia, West Elkton, Springboro, Waynesville, Harveysburg and Selma. At the latter place I was joined by

Nathan and Esther Frame, and Mary H. Rogers. The membership of this meeting was small, and Unitarianism had exerted a damaging influence in the meeting. After I had spoken one evening on the Deity of Christ and His atoning sacrifice, and justification by faith in His blood, I was invited by a man of intelligence, who was a Unitarian, to lodge for the night. He referred to my sermon, possibly clear to some minds, but not so to his own, and spent considerable time in presenting his views. With very little attempt to answer, I finally said: "Brother, I am weary and must retire, but before doing so, I have two things to say to thee—one is, thee will never reason thyself into faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." After considerable pause he said, "I guess that is so." "The other thing I have to say is, that if thee ever comes to have faith in Him, it will be in answer to thy own prayers for light." Pausing a moment, with evident candor he said, "I believe that is so." He had a Christian wife, and was in the practice of joining her in a morning family reading of the Bible. The following morning he read for us, opening to the fifth of Romans. When he had finished the first verse, he was very much affected, paused and wept, and it was some little time before he could recover himself so as to read the second verse. At the conclusion of that he displayed again deep feeling, and it was again some time before he

could finish the chapter. When he had done so, we had a season of prayer. At a public meeting which followed that morning, he spoke substantially as follows: "My friends, if any one had told me a short time ago—yes, a very short time ago, that I should see and believe as I now do, I should as soon have believed him if he had told me the sun would stand still in the heavens." Then, referring to his former belief, which was well known, he added: "But I prayed that I might believe not as you or others believe, but that I might see and believe the *truth*, whatever that might be; and now I believe as you believe." I afterwards had a private interview with him, and found his skepticism had vanished, and he was fully settled in an evangelical faith. He said on reading those verses, Rom. v: 1, 2, the truth flashed suddenly upon him. From that time he was a well-grounded believer in all the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith, was still living when heard from not long since, his conversion having occurred over thirty years since. This to me, was one of the most marked instances I ever witnessed, of the efficacy of the written word when applied by the Holy Spirit. It reminded me of the words, "Then opened He their understandings, that they might understand the Scriptures." This person said to me that he did not believe any one could have the assurance of their acceptance with God, who did

not believe in the atonement and justification by faith. He gave me his Unitarian books and told me to burn them, which I did.

SPICELAND.

A very remarkable revival occurred at Spiceland, Indiana, I think in the winter of 1874, where I was associated with John Henry Douglas and David B. Updegraff. A large number were converted, including some of the leading citizens, and some of decidedly skeptical views. I became very much interested in one, J. B., who was a very intelligent man, but a Unitarian. He invited me to dine at his home. Soon after we were seated, he began to argue in vindication of his Unitarian sentiments. After listening to him for some time, I said to him: "Now, my friend, I admit thy superiority in some respects, but there is one thing in which I have the advantage, and that is in the matter of experience of these things. My religion is more than theoretical, it is experimental, now I am going to play the role of the physician, and prescribe for thee, and if thee will take my prescription, I am sure it will be effectual. Will thee take it?" He said he could not promise to do a thing without first knowing what it was. I said, "I will make this proviso—*If it accords with thy conscience, thee is to take it; if not, thee may be excused.*" He replied that

it is reasonable to promise to do what a man's conscience tells him he ought. With this understanding he agreed to my proposal.

I said: "Thee believes in God, and that thee has sinned against Him, and that thee should ask His forgiveness," all of which he readily admitted. I then said, "That which I propose is, that in the presence of thy wife, thee should kneel in prayer and ask God to forgive and save thee for Jesus' sake, with any further words that may be in thy heart." I added, "I know that thy will may say no: but the stipulation is to do as *conscience* bids; and that tells thee that thee ought to ask mercy and pardon of Him against whom we have all sinned." After some hesitation, he promised me he would endeavor to comply. Very soon after this interview he gave testimony that he had found peace in the assurance of sins forgiven. He afterwards told me that when he knelt to pay his vow, it seemed like a cold, formal thing to recite a form of prayer that had been suggested by another, but that while in this attitude, a feeling of conviction and contrition came over him, and the prayer became his own. He ever seemed grateful for my faithful dealing with him. He lived several years a firm believer, was a useful member of the church, and died in the faith.

Associated with D. B. Updegraff, we held a series of meetings at Carthage, Indiana, which proved to be a season of much blessing, a number claiming conversion, and others the experience of sanctification. A new and commodious meeting house has since been built, and there is a large and flourishing meeting there.

REVIVALS IN WESTERN YEARLY MEETING.

The points within the limits of this Yearly Meeting where I was engaged in revival work, may be summarized as follows: At Indianapolis, Plainfield, Chicago, Georgetown, Sand Creek, at Grove in Jennings County, Indiana; at Farmer's Institute near Lafayette, and at Kokomo. These were all favored occasions, the one at Plainfield and the one at Grove, in both of which I was assisted by J. H. Douglas, were special seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, many being converted and renewed at those meetings.

IN IOWA YEARLY MEETING.

My revival work in this Yearly Meeting was limited to two points—Oskaloosa, and a meeting in the country in Hardin County. Nothing beyond the ordinary occurred in these.

IN KANSAS YEARLY MEETING.

In this Yearly Meeting I held a series of meetings, twice in the city of Lawrence, twice at Hesper, and once at Barclay, in each of which there were a number of conversions and renewals.

The second visit to Kansas was in the winter of 1888. While there we received an invitation from some of the ministers of Las Vegas, New Mexico, to come and hold a series of meetings in that city, which we felt it right to accept. We began on New Year's Day, and continued for four weeks, first in the M. E. Church and then in the Baptist.

Las Vegas at that time was a city of 7,000 to 8,000 inhabitants, more than half being Mexicans who comprise the population of what is called "Old Town." Their houses were mostly built of adobé or sundried brick, with flat roofs, very much after the style, we are told, of some to be found in Egypt and other parts of the Old World.

The other portion of the city is modern, occupied by English-speaking people. The Mexicans are Catholics, and only a small proportion of the others make any profession. The Protestant churches all together did not have a membership larger than would make a good-sized congregation, and only a small proportion of these were in a lively Spiritual condition. Our

meetings grew steadily in interest and numbers, and resulted in a number of conversions and renewals. Many at the close bore testimony to much blessing throughout the meetings. I was told by one of the ministers that a conversion had not before been known in that city for years, and that it was the first revival so far as he knew that had ever been held in the territory. There had never a Friend held meeting there before.

IN CANADA YEARLY MEETING.

Our revival work in this Yearly Meeting was limited to Toronto and Bloomfield, at each of which places we held a series of meetings, with some conversions, and the strengthening of the church. That at Bloomfield was after the Wilburite separation, which had resulted in reducing the numerical strength of the meeting. Our visit seemed to be timely in "Strengthening the things that remained."

CHAPTER VI.

PASTORAL WORK.

MY FIRST engagement as pastor that required a change of residence, was when I removed from my native place at New Garden, Indiana, to the adjacent village of Fountain City. This was before what has since come to be known as "the pastoral system" was fully inaugurated by our church. But as there were several ministers resident at New Garden, and none in our meeting in the village, it seemed right for us to respond to the solicitation of Friends there, and settle for a time within their limits.

We remained there about a year when we again entered upon evangelistic work in the East. The relations between ourselves and the meeting in the village were of the most cordial character, and we had reason to believe the move was a right one.

One incident in connection with our experience in Fountain City, I deem of sufficient importance to be chronicled as a new departure in my line of service. A committee of four, a brother, two sisters and myself were appointed by the Monthly Meeting to visit families, and were engaged in the prosecution of that

work. At the same time the enemy of all good had stimulated some of his servants to plan a counter work. A young man, a kind of ringleader among worldly and pleasure-loving persons, had rented a hall, and announced a series of balls or dances, one each week for four successive weeks. In the afternoon of the day, the first one was to take place in the evening, he, by way of tantalizing, gave an invitation to attend. We seriously and prayerfully considered whether it might not be right to give the intended joke a practical outcome. A dance was something new in our community, and might it not be an entering wedge of much evil in the future? We decided to go, and accordingly when the hour came, we passed in with the others who were entering with different motives. Four violins were making music, and several couples were on the floor dancing in unison. Although for a considerable time we stood perfectly quiet, yet our presence was an element of disturbance, for even those who would justify a dance felt it was not a place for religious persons, and accordingly at length one of the leaders approached us, saying, they had rented the hall and did not wish to be disturbed. We replied that we were quiet. The thought presented itself, shall we quietly withdraw? If we should attempt to speak, would it be casting pearls before swine? I felt that to withdraw in silence, would be the occasion for

evil report,—indeed I felt I ought not to be silent, so kneeling down I began to pray. The leader tried, with much vehemence, to keep the music and the dancers going, but one by one they ceased, and the violins were silent, and a stillness as profound as at an ordinary Friends meeting followed. When I had finished praying, I addressed them in a few tender, earnest words, and we quietly withdrew. We observed in passing out that some of the company seemed greatly agitated, and some were in tears. I have seldom if ever felt, after yielding to an apprehended duty, a sweeter peace and a clearer sense of divine approbation.

After our withdrawal they rallied again and kept up their dance till near morning. The leader displayed great indignation, and said abusive things about us, and redoubled his efforts to make the next dance a success. He engaged supper at the hotel for the coming occasion for (if I remember correctly) twenty couples whom he had invited from another neighborhood. There were different opinions among our Friends as to the wisdom of our course. I felt no condemnation, and rested the case with Him who knew our motives. The sequel was that of the prospective dances none of them came off; the young man had to foot the bill charged at the hotel for the supper, but none of the invited guests came to eat it. And

further, this very young man within twelve months made application and was received as a member of our Monthly Meeting. I knew of no dance occurring in our village after this for many years, and I have had persons confess to me that they were present when we made our visit at that hall, for the first and the last time they ever were at a dance; the feelings they had on that occasion were, to use their own words, "inexpressible." This confession was made years after the occurrence. Hence I can not doubt that we were in the line of our duty, though I have never felt called upon to repeat the experience, nor do I consider our example of itself, should be regarded as a warrant for others to go and do likewise, unless they feel clearly that duty requires it.

RESIDENCE AND PASTORAL WORK IN ROCHESTER.

Friends in Rochester, New York, having built a new meeting house, felt the need of some one to reside among them in the capacity of pastor, and way being made for us, we accepted the position for a brief period in the year 1875.

There had been a Friends meeting there for a good many years, and while there were some valuable members, it was not as a whole, strong and aggressive. One of our ministers from Ohio, John L. Eddy, visited that meeting in the course of a religious

visit, more than fifty years ago. I remember reading in his journal a prophetic statement recorded after his visit there, which was in substance: "The time will come when it will be said there was once a meeting of Friends in this large city." That time has now come, and it has been several years since the meeting there was given up, their large and beautiful house sold, torn down, and a residence built on the site. Although while we resided there, the congregation was of good size, quite a number outside the membership attending, yet the internal condition of the meeting was not such as to favor its increase, and in course of comparatively a few years, when the older members died, the result was the meeting grew smaller and smaller, until it was given up.

PASTORATE IN TORONTO.

In response to a call from Friends in Toronto, Canada, we removed to that city in 1882 and entered upon pastoral work. The meeting was not large, but included some very valuable Friends in its list of members, some of whom were among the leading business men of the city, who were earnest and aggressive in church work, missions and Sabbath schools.

Friends there gave us a very cordial welcome, and co-operated with us in our work, and between them

and ourselves the most cordial relations existed during our stay among them for nearly two years. There were during that time some additions to the meeting. Our sojourn in Toronto was terminated sooner than it otherwise would have been on account of the death of my wife's father.

PASTORATE AT GLENS FALLS, NEW YORK.

My wife and myself attended New York Yearly Meeting, held at Glens Falls in the spring of 1884. As the Friends meeting located there was at that time without a pastor, their committee charged with this subject, proposed to us the acceptance of pastor's place. It was wholly unlooked for on our part, and I at once signified that I could not entertain the proposition, but not only members of that Yearly Meeting, but some from other Yearly Meetings who were in attendance, and in whom we had confidence, joined them in encouraging us not hastily to dismiss the matter. Whereupon, we agreed to meet them in conference in a meeting which they told us had been called to consider the subject. When we went at the time appointed, instead of only the committee, as we expected, we found their large committee room filled with all, or nearly all, the leading members of that Monthly Meeting. The first thing proposed was a

season of united prayer, which was acceded to by all kneeling together, when many vocal prayers were offered for divine direction. Following this, when expressions were called for, they were unanimous in favor of our coming, if we could see our way clear. It was truly a solemn time, and we felt very deeply the responsibility of deciding. We could do no less than promise them we would take the subject under prayerful consideration, and give them an answer in the near future. The more we considered it, the more we came to feel that we ought not to disregard the judgment of so large a number of our friends, and the many attendant providential indications. The result was that we felt the "balances" turn in favor of an acceptance of the opening, and engaged to enter upon the work early in the approaching autumn, giving us time to complete a contemplated visit in the way of Gospel service to New England Yearly Meeting; also to arrange our home affairs.

We accordingly went with our daughter, Ella, and took up our residence in Glens Falls, arriving on the 16th of Tenth month, 1884. Our daughter Alice remained in Indiana for a time, but joined us the following spring.

Friends gave us a cordial welcome. Our first Sabbath meeting was an especially impressive one. Many vocal prayers were offered in which special ref-

erence was made to us, invoking the divine blessing on us and our work.

While we had the love and confidence of all, there was something of a party feeling existing among some of the members. This resulted from a series of revival meetings the previous winter under the leadership of — —, an evangelist who was not a member of our church, and whose method of conducting meetings developed, or at least was attended with, a high degree of sensationalism, in fact there was in some of the meetings a spirit of real ranterism. Excessive demonstrations, noisy ejaculations, and a profusion of gesticulations, meetings continued till very late hours at night, provoked much criticism, and evidently marred and hindered the work. The pastor, — —, who was in sympathy with the revivalist and his methods, finding after the close of the meetings that the more substantial part of the meeting was not in full accord with him, tendered his resignation which was readily accepted. This resulted in something of a break of accord and sympathetic feeling between the more cautious Friends and those who espoused the side of the evangelist and their resigning pastor.

This being the state of things when we entered upon the work, we found the situation to be a very delicate one, and one requiring much wisdom. We

viewed the matter so much in the light of an experiment, that we thought it best not to take our goods, so that we could retire from that field at any time if we found it expedient to do so.

But as I have said, we enjoyed the advantage of having the confidence of both classes, and feeling sure that the effervescence would of itself in course of time subside, we were careful not openly to espouse the cause of either side, endeavoring to attend to our own work, and treat all with kindness. We were happy to find before many months that the divergent elements began to draw together, and the meeting became settled, not into a dormant, but a healthy, active state.

Our stay in Glens Falls lasted three years, lacking only a few days. We saw some substantial gain in the meeting, and the addition of some members. We became very much attached to the Friends there, and formed some close friendships outside of the membership, including the ministers of the other churches.

When we had announced our purpose to resign, and the date became known, a retired minister of the M. E. Church proposed to the other ministers of the village that they arrange a public farewell reception for us at our church, which was accordingly carried out. The following account of the meeting was published in *The Glens Falls Star*. It is inserted in this

sketch of my life as a matter of history, which may be of interest at least to my personal friends, and I make the record in a grateful remembrance of dear friends who made the occasion the pleasant affair that it was, and of the loving kindness of Him at whose hands we receive all our favors.

The following is the extract alluded to:

A PASTOR'S FAREWELL.

AN EXPRESSION OF GOOD-WILL ON THE PART OF SISTER CHURCHES.

The Rev. Luke Woodard, who, several months ago, tendered his resignation as pastor of the Friends Church, to engage in evangelistic work in the West, preached his farewell sermon last evening. As an expression of good-will and esteem on the part of the pastors and members of the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches, services in those places of worship were omitted, and it seemed as if the entire congregations, almost, had flocked to the Friends Church, so great was the crowd present. Many were turned away, unable to find standing room within the inner doors. Beside the pastor on the platform, were Rev. Geo. L. Colyer of the Methodist Church, Hon. F. A. Johnson, representing the Presbyterian Church; and Rev. R. M. Little, who first suggested the holding of a union meeting on this occasion.

The Rev. Colyer made the opening prayer, which, after singing, was followed by Rev. Woodard's farewell sermon. He took for his text 2 Cor. 13: 11—"Finally, brethren, farewell; be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

Mr. Woodard said he became pastor of the church upon earnest solicitation three years ago the coming month, not knowing how long he should remain here. The time had

now come when he must say farewell. Following this line of thought he reviewed briefly his connection with the church, and the relations existing between himself and the flock; finally applying the words of the text in giving his congregation counsel and in bidding them a final farewell.

After the sermon the Rev. R. M. Little took charge of the service, and introduced Rev. Geo. B. Gow, who read the following address:

"To our dear brother and fellow-laborer in the ministry of Jesus Christ, Luke Woodard, minister of The Society of Friends in Glens Falls, New York:—We, whose names are hereto appended, pastors of the village of Glens Falls, beg leave to present to you our own sentiments, and, as we believe, the sentiments of those whom we serve in the Gospel, in view of the fact that you are about to leave our neighborhood for new fields of labor in the west.

"First of all, while we would not for a moment question the soundness of your judgment, or the interpretation of the voice of the Spirit heard in your own soul, and in the events of God's providence which have led to your decision to leave us, yet from the standpoint of our own feelings, we sincerely and profoundly regret the necessity that constrains you thus to decide.

"But secondly, as in obedience to the divine call, you take your departure from us, we beg you to carry with you the assurance, that during your stay and labor with us, you have enjoyed the high esteem and sincere affection of your brethren in the ministry, and of all for whom they are permitted to speak—an esteem and affection promptly given when you came among us, and heartily maintained with increasing warmth and strength to the present moment. We are happy to have this opportunity to declare our appreciation of the patience and fidelity with which in all gentleness and truthfulness, and earnest longing for the souls of men you have devoted yourself to the work of the ministry.

"And finally, we would have you take with you the consciousness that wherever in the providence of God, you may

be called to labor, our confidence and love will abide with you; our wishes for your greatest prosperity in all things, will attend you; and our prayer for the blessing of God upon all that you may undertake in His name, will never fail to accompany you.

“A. J. FENNEL, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

“GEO. L. COLYER, Pastor of the M. E. Church.

“GEO. B. GOW, Pastor of the First Baptist Church.

“Glens Falls, New York, September 10, 1887.”

Mr. Gow supplemented the above with a few touching remarks, and was followed by Hon. F. A. Johnson, and Rev. Geo. L. Colyer, both of whom spoke feelingly of their personal relations with Mr. Woodard, and those of the churches they represent.

RESIDENCE IN RICHMOND, INDIANA.

After leaving Glens Falls, and spending the winter in Kansas and New Mexico, we returned to Richmond, where way was made for us to locate in the limits of Whitewater Meeting in the northern part of that city.

While I was not formally installed as pastor, I practically served in that capacity for a year and a half. It afforded an opportunity for a needed rest, and for many pleasant social hours, as we were within a few hundred yards of our son's residence, and many congenial friends besides.

But this sojourn was terminated in the autumn of 1889, when in response to a Macedonian call we accepted—

A PASTORATE IN OSKALOOSA, IOWA.

We removed to that city with our two daughters, taking our household goods, arriving there the 11th of Eleventh month, 1889.

The meeting to which we went was held in the city, while there was one held in the suburbs, which was attended by the college students and faculty, and most of the Friends residing in that vicinity, and hence the city meeting was comparatively small. It was, however, a good meeting, and had some valuable members. We remained there a year and a half, becoming very much attached to the Friends of that locality who seemed very loath to have us leave.

We held a series of meetings during our stay in Oskaloosa, in which several were very definitely blessed. We had many reasons to believe our move to that place was a right one, and we look back upon it with very pleasant memories.*

An event which illustrates the fact often witnessed in the current of human affairs, was the marriage of our daughter, Ella, to a citizen of Oskaloosa, whose

*In many an instance a change of residence has resulted in an important change in the current of an entire life.

“Oh, who shall say how great the plan
Which this day's incident began,
Too small, perhaps, the slight occasion
For our dim-sighted observation,
It passed unnoticed as the bird
That cleaves the liquid air unheard,
And yet may prove, when understood,
The harbinger of endless good.”

acquaintance she made as a result of our removal to that city. The union has proved to be a happy one.

We had a large and interesting meeting with the Friends of Oskaloosa the last Sabbath we were with them. We left them with mutual feelings of love and esteem.

Since our sojourn there the meeting of which I was pastor, has been discontinued, and its membership consolidated with that of the other meeting in the college chapel.

CHAPTER VII.

PASTORATE IN MUNCIE, INDIANA.

WHEN the Friends of Muncie learned of our prospect of leaving Oskaloosa, they sent us a call to come as their pastor, signed by all the adult members of the meeting, including besides, the names of the grown-up young people.

To this, after prayerful consideration, we gave a favorable reply, and moved to that city in the spring of 1891.

Muncie Meeting is one of our newer meetings, and grew up as the result of the faithful and efficient labors of Joseph A. and Mary H. Goddard, first in starting a Sabbath School, afterwards in organizing a church.

We found an open door, and a responsive and sympathetic congregation. Though not large, compared with some of the older churches of the city, yet perhaps none in proportion to number, exerted a wider influence for good, in Sabbath School, Christian Endeavor, and Mission work.

There were some additions to the meeting during our sojourn, though the work was steady, rather than

spasmodic. Our pastorate continued a little over four years, and there was not, during that entire period, anything to interrupt the feeling of mutual fellowship and sympathy. Our relations with the members of other churches were of the most cordial character. This was especially so as regards the ministers; our weekly meetings of *The Ministers' Association*, were enjoyable and, I trust, profitable occasions.

On the occasion of our leaving, that Association gave me the following as an expression of brotherly love and fellowship:

This is to certify that Rev. Luke Woodard, of the Friends Church has been an honorable and highly respected member of the Ministers' Association in this city during his pastorate in this place. As he goes from us to occupy another field, we, the pastors of the various churches and members of the Association, take great pleasure in commending him to the confidence and co-operation of churches and ministers where his lot may be cast.

In going from us, he carries with him our good will and earnest prayers for his success in whatever field he may be called to labor. We deeply regret the necessity for severing pleasant relations with one whose courtesy and Christian deportment so richly merit our highest respect.

We commend him to God and to the word of His grace, that the fruitage of his labors may be rich and bounteous in the Master's service wherever he may go.

By order of the Ministers' Association, dated Muncie, Indiana, March 11, 1895.

The Ministers' Association which adopted the above, was composed of the pastors of the Methodist

Episcopal, the Baptist, Christian, Lutheran, Presbyterian, and New Light churches.

We left Muncie to engage in Gospel service in Great Britain and Ireland, for which we had received from our Yearly Meeting (Indiana) the necessary credentials.

PASTORATE IN KOKOMO, INDIANA.

I reserve for a separate place, an account of our trans-Atlantic visit, which occupied fourteen months, up to Sixth month, 1896.

In the early autumn of that year, we were called to complete the unexpired term of the pastorate of the late Calvin W. Pritchard, whose death made a vacancy there. His widow, Esther T. Pritchard, who had been associated with her husband in the work, a minister of much ability, still resided there, but was not of sufficient physical strength to do all that was required of a pastor; also, another sister, a very acceptable minister, was a member of that meeting; but she resided on a farm in the country, and could not be free from family cares sufficiently to give time for needed pastoral work.

I found, however, in these two sisters very congenial spirits, and most valuable helpers in the work. There was in the membership at large, including a number of young people, helpful assistants. This was

among the largest of the meetings composing Western Yearly Meeting. Our sojourn in Kokomo was a year and a half.

I held a series of meetings soon after settling there, at which there were some conversions.

Our stay in Kokomo had many pleasant features, and we formed some warm and, I trust, lasting friendships.

On the eve of our leaving, a public farewell reception was given in the large audience room of our church, which was densely filled. Most of the city ministers were on the platform; three others who could not be present on account of other engagements, sent letters of regret, and expressions of cheer and good will. Remarks expressive of brotherly love and appreciation, were made by the ministers present. Esther T. Pritchard referred to our long acquaintance, and spoke of the Christian love and fellowship that, without interruption for more than twenty-five years had existed between us. She spoke appreciatively of my work in association with D. B. Updegraff, Dr. Dougan Clark and J. H. Douglas, in the aggressive movement, bringing to the front the doctrine of holiness more than a quarter of a century ago.

The following is a copy of a note sent by the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church and read in the meeting:

I honor Brother Woodard as a true servant of God. His spirit has been so sweet, and his conduct so noble at all times, I know that Jesus has been with him while he has lived in this city. All respect him from the least to the greatest. I know he has been faithful, I pray that his future may be bright, and full of spiritual power. I want to meet him in Heaven when the battle is over.

WM. D. PARR.

Others, very similar in expression, were read from the pastors of Baptist and United Brethren churches.

One of the city papers, in a printed report of the occasion, concluded with the following paragraph:

The scene was an affecting one when Rev. Woodard grasped the hand of Rev. Newlin, the incoming pastor, and imparted the blessing of an aged patriarch to a young man, and with it, turned over the flock over which he had so faithfully watched.

As a further expression of love and good will, they unveiled and presented to us as a gift from the members of the church, a handsome china clock, and a valuable writing desk.

At the close we took a position where all could come and give us a parting hand.

The following testimonial, signed by the ministers and elders, and other official members of our church, was given us:

Whereas, Our beloved friend and brother, Luke Woodard, is about to remove with his family from our midst, after having efficiently and faithfully served as pastor:

We desire hereby to record our grateful sense of the value of his ministry, and of the purity and uprightness of his private life and walk. In his public service he has been sound in doctrine, clear in exposition, tender and forcible in appeal and God has owned his labors to the building up of believers and the winning of souls.

We part from this dear brother and his household, with feelings of affectionate regard, and a sincere appreciation of his valuable services, invoking upon him and his loved ones the continued blessings of Him whose eyes run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong in behalf of them whose hearts are perfect before Him.

KOKOMO, INDIANA, Second Month 28, 1898.

The following copy of minute of the Pastors' Association is self-explanatory:

KOKOMO, INDIANA, February 21, 1898.

Whereas, The pastorate of Rev. Luke Woodard, of the Friends Church, has terminated, and in the providence of God, his duties will call him from our circles, therefore the Pastors' Association of Kokomo, Indiana, desires to make record of his fidelity to every worthy cause, his gentle spirit, his excellent counsel, his love for the pure, his obedience to honest convictions, his regular and punctual attendance at the meetings of this Association, and withal, his ability as a faithful minister of Jesus Christ: that we esteem him for his sterling integrity, and that our prayers shall follow him, that a loving heavenly Father may ever guide and bless him.

RALPH J. SMITH, President.

D. O. DARLING, Secretary.

PASTORATE AT POPLAR RIDGE, NEW YORK.

After leaving Kokomo, we were engaged in Gospel service in visiting the meetings of New York.

When this was completed, and we had returned to our home in Indiana, we received a call from the Evangelistic Committee to come as pastor for the unexpired term of Elias G. Minard, at Poplar Ridge, Cayuga County, he having resigned. This, we saw our way clear to accept. As the unfinished term of E. G. M.'s pastorate was for a period of six months, we went expecting to return to our home at the end of that time.

We arrived there Tenth month 20, 1900. The Friends had built a very commodious parsonage adjoining the meeting house, which we found furnished, as E. G. M. had left their goods for our use. We were cordially welcomed, and devoted ourselves to the work with our best endeavors to advance the Master's cause.

As the time we engaged to remain was approaching its close, I suggested to them that they had better consider timely the subject of securing a permanent pastor. Enquiring of us if we knew a suitable person, we suggested the name of a young man and his wife who resided in Indiana. The result was a favorable answer, and an engagement for them to come on in the spring. This arrangement was made with the Pastoral Committee of Poplar Ridge Meeting. At their request I presented the name to a large Sabbath meeting, with my hearty recommendation. A silence

of some minutes ensued, when at last one Friend said, "Why can't we keep our present pastor?"

A committee was appointed to take charge of the matter, and hear the expressions of members and attenders, and we withdrew. The same afternoon, that committee called on us to say that the expression was unanimous in favor of our remaining. This took us by surprise, and as we would have no furniture there to supply the parsonage when E. G. M. should take theirs in the spring, we did not see how it would be practicable. We finally so far yielded to their solicitation as to promise them an answer after a week's time to consider and pray over it.

At the end of that time we felt satisfied to engage for a year, on condition that they would furnish the parsonage, which was accordingly very cheerfully done.

We therefore remained, not only that year, but the year following, making the total length of time we served that meeting two years and a half.

Poplar Ridge Meeting is one of the principal Friends meetings in New York, and comprises some valuable members.

In closing up our work, we had a peaceful retrospect. Our farewell meeting was large, and to me a very solemn occasion. I spoke from 2 Tim. iv, 6-8. While I did not claim any prophetic foresight,

I realized that it was probably the final closing up of my labors in New York, where I had spent so large a portion of my ministerial life.

After singing, "God be with you till we meet again," and a season of prayer in which I commended them to God and the word of His grace, the congregation came forward, one by one, and gave us the parting hand. Many regrets were expressed at our leaving, and some of the young people were much affected as if parting with a father and mother.

PASTORAL WORK AT SPICELAND, INDIANA.

My service at the above named meeting differed from that in other places, where I had served in a pastoral capacity. While I was engaged by their committee, and accepted by the meeting as their pastor, I still had my residence at our home in Fountain City, going over by interurban cars for alternate Sabbaths—sometimes every Sabbath, making such pastoral visits while there as I found time for.

This is one of the foremost meetings in our church, both in point of numbers and intelligence. It had undergone a great change in recent years. Not many years ago, there were (if I remember correctly) twelve resident ministers; while I was identified with it, there were only two—these were aged women, not able for active service.

My service there continued for a year, closing Tenth month 1, 1904. It was to me one of the pleasantest years of my life. I think I am not mistaken in believing I had the entire confidence of all, this was especially manifest on the part of the young people with whom I indentified myself in their Christian Endeavor Society, from which, after the close of my service there, I received a written testimonial expressive of their appreciation of my services, and of their Christian fellowship.

The Friends of that meeting have, and increasingly so, a very warm place in my affection. I realize the truth of a line of Tupper's—"Absence strengthens friendship, when the last recollections are kindly."

CHAPTER VIII.

LABORS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE VOYAGE.

FOR several years I carried in my mind a secret apprehension that some time service would be required of me in Great Britain and Ireland. In the autumn of 1894, our Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders gave me a certificate of unity endorsing a proposed visit as above expressed, a prospect of which I laid before them, with credentials from the subordinate meetings of which we were members. The expression of unity was very full, which was a confirmation that the concern was a right one. My wife united with me in the same, and she also received the endorsement of the church, and was furnished with appropriate certificates.

We took passage the following spring—Fourth month 13, 1895—on the steamship Umbria, of the Cunard line, from New York to Liverpool, via Queens-town.

An ocean voyage is a feature of life unlike anything else. It combines the romantic and the tame;

the monotonous and the varied; the serious and the gay. Having entered the vessel, and deposited our baggage in our state room, we realize the mighty floating palace is for the next few days, to be our home. What if some unforeseen disaster should convert it into our sarcophagus?

As we hear the hissing of the steam, and feel the quivering pulse of the engine, we know the voyage is begun, and the heart feels a touch of sadness as, standing on the deck, we wave our answer back to the throng on the wharf, who wave their farewell to their outbound friends. Soon the coast line of our native land disappears, and we gaze on a vast waste—a universe of sky and sea!

And we were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

Beneath was the glassy expanse—like a

Glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests— * * *

* * * The image of eternity, the throne of the invisible.

What a theme for contemplation! The morning and forenoon of the day we started—the last day of the week—was clear and calm, and we secured our chairs and took our position with others on deck with present prospect of a fine voyage, but alas! who can

give a certain forecast of the weather at sea? Before night the sky was overcast, and a tempestuous wind, very much, I suppose, like that which is called "Euroclydon" in the Book of Acts, came from the north-east, and we had to hasten to our berths. What benefit did we derive from the sumptuous dinner we had enjoyed, when Neptune demanded it as his tribute? What cared we for the sound of the bugle that was heard to call the passengers to tea?

The storm increased in violence, and lasted for three days and nights, greatly retarding the speed of our vessel. As we were rocked, or rather vigorously tossed, in the cradle of the deep, I concluded I was at least "wonderfully" if not "fearfully made," that my inward mechanism, of heart, liver, lungs and the rest of my "physiology," could stand it all.

Even from my very boyhood have I loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on Nature in her loftier moods.

I had often been heard to say, I wanted to see a storm at sea. My wife, remembering this, in the midst of the severest of the storm, called to me from her berth below mine, "*Luke, has thee had enough?*" To which she said I answered most pitifully, "Yes, I've had enough!" But the compensation yet awaited me. Before the storm had subsided, I rallied so as to

go where I had a full view of the ocean in its height of commotion. I had seen various aspects of Nature's grandeur, but nothing to compare with this. Imagine a thousand Niagaras, with counter currents boiling in every direction as far as eye could see, and you have a faint idea of the scene. The storm at length subsided, and the rest of the voyage was pleasant. From this on, we made good use of the opportunity to refill the vacuum created by the exactions of Neptune. What sumptuous fare, those ship companies spread before you!

We formed some very pleasant acquaintances while on board. Two of our fellow passengers who lived in England, insisted on our calling on them; one an Episcopal lady, living in the suburbs of London; the other a gentleman, a Baptist, living in Leicester. We did so, and were very hospitably entertained.

During each voyage made by the Cunard steamers, one evening is devoted to an "Entertainment in aid of The Seamen's Orphanage." This was founded in Liverpool in 1869, to feed, clothe and educate the destitute, or necessitous children of seafaring men. From that date, to the 1st of October, 1894, 3,828 children have received the benefits of the institution, and many poor widows have been enabled to keep a roof over their heads, and their little ones from the workhouse. There were at the time of our voyage,

between 700 and 800 children upon their books. The benefits conferred are not restricted to any nationality, or to any form of religious worship.

The returns from the Board of Trade are appalling in their evidence of the loss of life at sea, for they show that in twenty-three years following the establishment of this orphanage, no less than 95,000 seamen died in English ships abroad, of whom 59,389 were drowned. This number does not include those who die in the United Kingdom.

Our entertainment occurred on the last evening before our arrival late the next afternoon, at Queens-town. The program consisted of music, instrumental and vocal, recitations, etc. They had previously asked me what I would contribute. I promised them an original poem, which I composed on board and read on the occasion; it is inserted below:

THE VOYAGE.

(OUT-BOUND.)

Ho! gallant Umbria, thou art out at sea,
The pilot ship and shore are left behind,
Strong beats the pulse of thy machinery,
The flag and sail are hoisted to the wind.

My native land, I linger long to gaze,
My bosom swells as I bid thee adieu;
I see thy coast line dimly thro' the haze—
Now dimmer grown, now wholly lost to view.

Tho' out of sight, thou art my country still,
My love for thee can span the widest sea,
I bear no other land a thought of ill,
Because I feel a warmer love for thee.

When I shall see thy standard anywhere,
I'll hail it as an old familiar friend;
'Twill be to me a sign of welcome there,
And that thou wilt my liberties defend.

Where e'er I gaze, I see a shoreless waste
Touched only by the rim of the blue sky;
High mount the waves, each by his fellow chased,
The wild winds sporting with them wantonly.

Above, the sun, like the All-seeing Eye—
The only thing familiar to be seen—
Looks down in splendor from his throne on high,
And tips the billows with a silvery sheen.

Move on, proud sun, and light my native land,
Let fall at once thy beams on home and me;
To me the thought is most supremely grand—
My eyes and those of loved ones, meet on thee.

But more—He whose own handiwork thou art,
Who ne'er retires from His place above—
He is a center where heart meets with heart,
Together quaffing draughts of heaven-born love.

O Umbria! Thou dost seem so very small,
A tiny speck upon the wide, wide sea!
But thou art staunch, and beautiful withal,
And much I marvel as I gaze on thee.

The angry billows leap and lash in vain,
In vain the tempest spends on thee its force;
Thy arms superior drive thee o'er the main,
Undeviating in thy onward course.

Thou hast a faithful helmsman at his post,
A watchful captain hast thou in command,
Who knows the accustomed track from coast to coast,
And who has often brought thee safe to land.

But see! The sky assumes a threatening mien,
Dark clouds are mounting from the deep afar,
Now all around, the sea and sky between,
The winds and clashing billows are at war;

Dense darkness comes; still doth the battle rage
The long night thro' amid the awful gloom!
Did e'er before one night seem as an age?
Had Neptune ushered in the day of doom?

The morning breaks, the contest still goes on,
But does not o'er our gallant ship prevail;
Ourselves, alas! have fallen one by one—
Like smitten warriors, we lie limp and pale!

But we shall rise. Soon will our gaze be bent
In hope of sighting Erin's emerald shore;
Till then, within, we will abide content,
But glad to set our feet on land once more!

A collection was taken up at the close of the entertainment.

I had a great desire to see the machinery of an ocean steamer. Our captain very kindly provided me with an escort, who took me through that portion of the ship. I thought what an achievement of human skill and ingenuity! With what amazement would Robert Fulton look upon it, could he return to earth! And with what ability is every department managed! The observations are so accurate that latitude and

longitude are correctly reported each day at noon, and the time of landing is ascertained, quite a time in advance.

We found that nothing strikes trepidation into the hearts of seamen, like a fog, especially when this occurs at night, or in the vicinity of icebergs. Several times a fog enveloped our vessel. I stood on deck, and watched the ship plunge into one so dense that another vessel could not be seen a few hundred yards ahead of us. Although signals are sounded every half minute, yet it is almost impossible sometimes to determine the direction from which an answer comes.

Before we sighted land, the gulls came to meet us. How we were all on tiptoe of expectancy when we found we were nearing the Irish coast. We landed at Queenstown about six o'clock on Seventh day (Saturday) afternoon, and were met by a man who handed us a letter from a Friend in Cork, inviting us to his home, to which we went by rail the same evening, and were greeted by our Friend with the words, "Welcome to Ireland."

We thought Ireland was rightly named—"The Emerald Isle," for the grass on the terraces above Queenstown, it seemed to us was greener than we had ever before seen.

Before leaving Richmond, we arranged a code to use on the Atlantic Cable. We agreed on four single

words, affixing to each a sentence which we could use to describe what we could say of ourselves and our voyage, and left a copy with our children, and kept one ourselves.

On arriving at Queenstown, we selected one of the words, the interpretation of which was about this (giving location, date, and hour of the day): "Arrived safely; had a rough passage part of the way; were both seasick, but are well now."

This was cabled about six o'clock p. m., and was received at Richmond some two or three hours earlier in the afternoon, Richmond time, and was re-dispatched to our other children at Muncie, and received by them before night.

IRELAND—LABORS IN DUBLIN YEARLY MEETING.

The day after landing in Ireland—Sabbath—we attended Cork Meeting, the principal meeting of Friends in the south of the island. There were about sixty present in the morning, and half as many in the evening. It is very much reduced in size compared with former years. There was a meeting here in very early times in our history as a church. It is said that William Penn was converted here, under the preaching of Thomas Lowe.

After a few days' rest at Cork, we went by way of Limerick, on the Shannon River, on the west coast

of Ireland, where we spent our second Sabbath, attending their meeting morning and evening, thence on to Dublin for Yearly Meeting.

Dublin Yearly Meeting is composed of three Quarterly Meetings—viz., Leinster, Munster and Ulster. In these are twelve Monthly Meetings; these again comprise thirty-six local meetings for worship, the total membership of which, at the time of our visit—1895—was 2,582. Those whom they enrolled as non-members, or attenders, other than members, was 470.

Much the larger portion of Friends reside in the north of Ireland, where the Protestant population is largely in the majority, while in south, the Catholic is much in excess of the Protestant.

We visited by appointment, or in regular course, nearly all the Friends meetings on that island; some of them, several times, and were at the Yearly Meeting two consecutive years. We found the Irish people very warm hearted and hospitable, ready to welcome us as messengers of the Gospel, and open to receive the truth, and seemed to be very little affected with what passes under the name of “modern thought,” or “the new theology.” Friends there, taken altogether, are rather conservative; they do not have singing in their regular meetings, though they have it in their mission meetings. Some of their

larger meetings, as for instance, Dublin, Belfast, Bessbrook, Monkstown, Lisburn and Waterford, seemed very much like our American meetings.

There is a great deal of intelligence in Dublin Yearly Meeting, and their discussions displayed careful and methodical thinking. I have rarely addressed a company of Friends that evinced a more intelligent apprehension of a doctrinal discourse, than was manifest on the occasion of some of the large assemblies in Dublin during Yearly Meeting.

They gave me the impression, however, of being over-fearful on the pastoral question. This is to be accounted for in part on the ground of the prevalence of priestcraft in Ireland, and a dominating hierarchy in the established church in England. What our church there needs is a more aggressive ministry, and a greater number of those who can give time to pastoral work. Their environment, however, is so different from ours in our middle and western States, that we need to make much allowance for them.

CHAPTER IX.

LONDON YEARLY MEETING.

THE sessions of this Yearly Meeting follow soon after that of Dublin. We called enroute at the home of our friend, Henry Stanley Newman, at Leominster. He had visited in our country, and gave us a cordial invitation to make our home at his house. He and his wife accompanied us up to London, and rendered us good service in introducing us. London Yearly Meeting is the parent of Yearly Meetings. It was held in the heart of that great Metropolis, at Devonshire House, 12 Bishopgate, without, London, E. C., where it had been held each consecutive year from early times in the history of our church.

Devonshire House is a large building, entered from the street by a long, arched passage, on each side of which are rooms used for various purposes, such as recording clerks, office, library, book room, etc. This Hall opens into an open court, around which were large meeting rooms; one, the largest, where the men held their sessions of the Yearly Meeting, another, a little smaller, for the women; and yet others, for the convenience of committees.

Through a second story ran another hall, the walls of which were adorned with pictures of distinguished Friends, such as George Fox, William Penn, Elizabeth Fry, and some of the Gurney family, and others more modern; together with pictures of ancient Friends in their peculiar costumes seated with grave demeanor, while some venerable personage is represented in the attitude of preaching. A veritable study of Quaker history.

The library is a large collection of valuable, and some very rare books, including the original folio volumes of the early Friends writings. I was told they made it a point to place on the shelves of this library, a copy of every book written by a Friend. Those of which I am the author are there. A hotel is located in the upper story of Devonshire House, where many Friends have rooms during Yearly Meeting and take their meals.

London Yearly Meeting in its collective capacity, is an unique, and somewhat imposing body. It is largely attended throughout its continuance, by representative Friends, and others less noted, holding two or three sessions a day, for ten days, with various public meetings of important committees intervening.

At the head of the Yearly Meeting, sat Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, now well advanced in years, a minister, who had several times visited America; he

is also an English barrister. He is noted as a scholar, a man of extensive reading, and himself an author.

Among others scarcely less prominent, were Joseph Storrs Fry, Henry Stanley Newman, both ministers, and the latter an author, and editor of the *London Friend*, and active promoter of missionary work. These two had also visited America.

Then there were those who were, or had been, members of Parliament. During one of the sessions of the Yearly Meeting, in a discussion of the opium traffic, and the government's complicity therewith, two brothers, one of whom was at the time, while the other had been, a member of Parliament, spoke on opposite sides of the question, one apologizing for, the other strongly condemning, the attitude of the government. Both were able speakers, and were listened to with profound attention. But the apologist had no expressed endorsement, while his brother evidently voiced the prevailing sentiment of the meeting.

London Yearly Meeting is very deliberate in its method of conducting business, which is done very much in Parliamentary style, and with much ability.

During the Yearly Meeting, several public meetings for worship are held. These are largely attended. The first one that occurred after our arrival, I was placed at the head of the meeting in the large room.

I learned afterwards that some of the young people said, "We will go and hear an American pastor," referring to myself, who, it was learned, had occupied a position as such (It should be remarked, that the recognition of a pastor in Friends meetings is regarded by many English Friends as an innovation of questionable propriety). I spoke for perhaps thirty minutes from John 3: 16—"For God so loved the world, etc." I felt unusual liberty in unfolding the great truths of redemption. There was evidently a response in the hearts of many. What those young people thought after hearing the "American pastor," I did not learn.

London Yearly Meeting comprises local meetings scattered throughout England and including a few in Wales, those in Scotland not included, but are, however, a constituent part of London Yearly Meeting, and report to the same. There are some large meetings, and a greater number of small ones. There were at the time of our visit fifty (50) of these, with a membership of less than ten, some of them not having half that number, and a large number of closed meeting houses. They have in addition, however, a class of persons, whom they designate as non-members—these are persons whose names are enrolled as attenders, who have not been taken into actual membership.

The number of members belonging to the meetings in England and Wales, as shown by their "Book of Meetings" for 1895, was 15,103. The number of attenders reported, was 5,717.

We visited meetings in most parts of England and in Wales, and nearly all the meetings in Scotland. There was never a large number of Friends in Scotland; at the time of our visit there were only nine meetings of our church in that country, and the entire membership was only 262, and 140 of these belonged to Glasgow and 42 to Edinburgh, leaving only 80 members as a total for the other seven meetings. Aberdeen, once the home of Robert Barclay, had, when we were there, only fourteen members, and no resident minister among them. There were ninety-six non-members in Scotland.

There has never been a separation in London Yearly Meeting, though there is to be found amongst its members as great a divergence of views as that which characterizes the different bodies in America known by the name of "Friends." They do not consider *separation* as a remedy, and are more tolerant of sentiments not regarded by the substantial portion of the Yearly Meeting as orthodox; and they allow greater freedom of expression of such views, than has been the case with us in America. One Friend said, "We think it is better to allow such freedom of ex-

pression—it is a kind of *safety valve*.” There is some force in the figure, I admit, but is there not a limit beyond which a church can not safely go, in the public dissemination of erroneous doctrines? Another figure equally expressive, is found in the word “*quarantine*,” a method often resorted to to prevent the spread of contagion. If a church can not prevent the *holding* of dangerous doctrines, we in this country have proceeded on the principle that it ought, at least, to free itself from the responsibility of their dissemination. In saying this, however, I frankly admit, that some of our separations occasioned by differences involving no fundamental point, might have been obviated by proper toleration and mutual forbearance.

We found our trans-Atlantic Friends exceedingly kind, using “hospitality without grudging,” and sparing no reasonable pains to assist us, and to open the way for our service. Expressions of sympathy and encouragement, from older and younger, were not uncommon. Often was it said to us, “Your message was timely,” “You have come in just the right time.” Such words of cheer were very helpful, especially when oppressed with a sense of weakness and insufficiency. This was especially the case once when in attendance of a large Quarterly Meeting in London, at which I had delivered a rather close message, I was afterwards beset with unusual buffetings.

The next morning I received the following letter from that father in Israel, Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, which I regarded as a renewed evidence of the divine favor:

312 CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.

My Dear Friend—

1. 7th, 1896.

Knowing how often the minds of the Lord's servants are brought into discouragement under the sense of manifold infirmity, I am inclined to send a few lines to tell thee how much I was comforted with what thou wast enabled to address to the Quarterly Meeting this afternoon, and to add my earnest desire that it may be graciously blessed to those who heard. It is always a great and unmerited mercy, when our dear Lord and Master is pleased to open the way for His humble servants, and Himself to bless them with His own counsel. How precious is the declaration of the great and good Shepherd—"When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice." May this ever be our blessed experience.

Thou must often feel like a stranger in a strange land, but how reassuring and full of consolation, is the Master's assurance to His humble disciples: "Fear not, for I am with thee." It is the realizing sense of His presence and love, that supports in every hour of felt weakness, and seals upon the soul the precious watchword, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Excuse this poor expression which I do not feel easy to withhold, of my sympathy and love. Believe me to be with love to thy dear wife,

Thy affectionate friend and brother,

J. B. BRAITHWAITE.

English Friends have two kinds of meetings, one of which they call "A Friends Meeting," the other a "Mission Meeting." The former is held as ours used

to be in this country, no singing; and preaching and prayer as one or another may be impressed; and entire silence in the absence of such vocal service except that there is sometimes some reading of Scripture. These meetings are held on Sabbath morning, and are attended by few except members.

The Mission Meeting is held in the evening, often in the same house, and generally conducted by leading members. In these meetings, hymn books are freely used, and in some of them, musical instruments. These are conducted very much as our meetings in America have generally come to be. Their mission meetings are much more largely attended than those called Friends Meetings. It seemed to us, and in fact, to many in England, an unnecessary distinction. A Friends meeting is a meeting where Friends are met and are engaged in the worship of God, and the fact of its being such, is not dependent on any mode of conducting the service within the bounds which the Lord alone has the right to prescribe.

These meetings are open to the public, and those enrolled as non-members, seem greatly to enjoy them, and they are, no doubt, the means of doing much good. In some places they have an organization known as a "Christian Society," using the Friends Discipline, and conducting their business very much as a regular Friends business meeting. They have

their own list of members. Their connection with our church is simply that of non-members. The question is impressing itself increasingly on the minds of English Friends, as to whether there should not be less restriction in the matter of taking into full membership many of this class.

While over there, I received a letter from Henry Stanley Newman, from which I take the following:

Now, Luke, whatever is going to build up Friends meetings in England? Tell me that. Discussing doctrines and modern theories, will not do it. Quakerism is better than Methodism, but Methodism is organized, and it is the best machine that wins the day. Great men like George Fox and John Wesley die. Fox was a far grander man than Wesley, but Fox died before our church was properly organized, and then a generation arose who had a testimony against organization and pre-arrangement. Wesley died, but when he died, the Methodist community was well organized for aggressive work, and therefore it now counts its millions. It is no good waiting for big men to do it. God uses little men, and ordinary men, who do their level best. The ministry of every church must be organized, and must in some way be provided for, and woe to that church that muzzles the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn.

Thy brother,

H. S. NEWMAN.

To the foregoing I sent the following reply which was published in the *London Friend* of Second month 14, 1896:

Dear Friend:

In answering thy question—"How are we to build up Friends meetings?"—I shall confine myself to London Year-

ly Meeting. You need men, not using the masculine in any but the generic sense, who are called and anointed of God to preach the Gospel, who have an intense conviction and know they are called, and who, filled with love to God and perishing men, are determined to obey the divine call at all hazards. I say *the Gospel*, not something else—who will not be turned aside on mere humanitarian lines, as temperance, and peace, or as lectures on “views,” but who regard themselves as ambassadors of Christ to call rebel man to be reconciled to God; to preach *the Gospel* of the blessed God, full, simple, and free, with all it comprehends of pardon, peace, holiness, practical righteousness, together with a Scriptural presentation of the *necessity* for such a Gospel arising out of the fact of man’s apostasy, guilt, pollution, thralldom, helplessness in and of himself, and the endless and irremediable and awful doom that awaits him if he dies unsaved. Such preachers are needed, not necessarily men of scholarship, as logical as Paul, as practical as James, as zealous as Peter, and as loving as John; men who have the courage to face both Ahab and Jezebel, Herod and Herodias, attacking sin in high places and low places, preaching straight at men’s consciences so pungent as to evoke the question, “What must I do?” then in love and faithfulness answering it.

Men are needed, filled with the spirit of God, with pure hearts and tongues of fire, cyclones of energy, who will, if they are rich, leave their feathered nests, and if they are poor, will trust God for support; men whose heads are not bothered, and hence will not bother others with questions of “higher criticism,” or “the mistakes of Moses,” and who will not attempt to explain the atonement, and prayer, and special providence, by theories of evolution.

Men are needed who, convinced themselves, will endeavor to convince this ungodly world, that what it needs is to see evolution spelled with an “r;” men who will provoke and stand the fire of the whole army of modern-thought Goliaths; men who think a poor man has a soul as valuable as a rich man, and who have a heart to welcome even those

who are weak in the faith, though of humble life, into the fellowship of the church.

London Yearly Meeting needs many such evangelists, for the field is too wide for a few to cover the ground. The warfare should be carried on simultaneously in different quarters, batteries planted with a determination not to raise the siege till the fort surrenders, be that one week, or six. Let the Bible be freely used in these series of meetings.

I know from many years' personal experience in revival work, that nothing wins like simple, expository preaching. What is called the prophetic style, preaching to an individual state, is valuable in its place, but that is not the great need, for the work of which I speak. You will find many here and there in your meetings who are outwardly consistent, who have not a clear knowledge of their conversion and acceptance with God, and consequently are mere traditionalists, and destitute of power, and who need a Scriptural presentation of elemental, yet fundamental truth. The masses around us need it. Where souls are convicted, they need to be pressed to a decision in after meetings, as we have done in our revival work.

Do I hear some one say, "Yes, but how are we to obtain such evangelists?"

1. Do you feel the need of them? Unconsciousness of the need, or indifference, will be a sure barrier. Is there not some voice in the wilderness constrained to say, "Repent—Awake?"

2. Do not depend on imported evangelists. One who is of you, would have an authority and an advantage that we who come from abroad do not possess. Such need not confine their labors to their own Quarterly Meeting.

3. Pray, pray *pray*.

4. Let the church open the way not by any trammeling committee, but by hearty co-operation, not mere toleration. Let the Adult schools aim yet more at the real conversion of the unconverted members. Let methods be adapted to conditions. Do away with that distinction, a "Friends" meeting, and a "mission" meeting. Abolish all necessity for the

annex called a "Christian Society," by practically recognizing the fact that if they are really a Christian Society, satisfied with our Discipline, not to say our traditional usages, they are good enough to be a part of our society. In this way cease to turn over our babes, when the Lord honors us with Spiritual children, to some foster mother of another name. How can we keep up our family, if we let some one else have our children? Have one standard of fitness to be received into membership; and, if needful, another standard for office. But do not put either, especially the former, too high. Take them, then train them.

5. The question of pastors and support will follow the evangelistic work. It can not precede it. There is little use trying to make a meeting see the need of pastors and support that is crystallized around with traditions, and content to have things go on as they always have gone. We had the same difficulty till the revival forced the other question.

Thus I have answered suggestively, not exhaustively, yet candidly, thy question. My thoughts are matured through an experience of thirty years largely in revival work, in which as a result of my own and wife's labors, we have seen hundreds converted, a very considerable proportion of them being birthright members, and scores of others brought into the Society of Friends, who, for more than twenty years have walked as consistent members. Some of them are very able ministers. In many sections we did pioneer work, as regards modern revival methods, and know what the difficulties are. Whatever success I have had has been on the line indicated, as far as preaching is concerned. Just such as, by the help of God, I have been doing in England, Ireland and Scotland.

Thine in the bonds of Gospel love,

LUKE WOODARD.

To the foregoing I received the following reply:

Dear Brother:

Praise the Lord. I have got something I can understand, and enjoy now; thy sentences roll on one after another, and H. S. N. says amen at the end of them.

Thy brother in the faith,

H. S. NEWMAN.

I found no difficulty in adjusting myself to their manner of conducting their meetings, whether Friends meetings or mission meetings, as the first was a mode to which I was accustomed all my earlier life; and the other adopted in their mission meetings, was what we were familiar with in our country.

My mission over there was to preach the Gospel, not to introduce American methods of conducting meetings. I felt at liberty, as regards mere usages to be made in all things to all men, that by all means I might save some.

Our closing service in Great Britain was the attendance of London Yearly Meeting for the second time, which was in the spring of 1896. Having traveled extensively within its limits, we felt much more at home, than at our first attendance.

During its sessions both years, we boarded at Tranter's Hotel, not many squares from Devonshire House, at which a number of Friends lodged. Among our fellow guests, was the venerable Isaac Sharp, a minister then in his ninetieth year, who had traveled more extensively in his Gospel work, I think it is safe to say, than any other man that ever lived. He began his extensive evangelistic journeys when seventy years of age, and had been almost constantly engaged ever since. He had visited in Iceland and other Arctic regions, Norway, Labrador, etc.; he had been as far

south as southern Africa, Australia, and Madagascar; had traveled extensively in India, China, and in Europe, and on the American Continent. He retained both his mental and physical vigor to a remarkable degree; was possessed of a most retentive memory, and good conversational powers, and was sprightly and witty, making him a most agreeable companion. As we sat at the same table, we had the very great pleasure of hearing him narrate many incidents of his extensive journeys. He seemed so very cheery, my wife was interested in knowing how he felt in regard to death. She said, in order to introduce the subject, "Isaac Sharp, I suppose thee expects to die sometime." He replied with an expressive twinkle in his eye, "How dost thou know? I may be translated."

He made his final report of his extensive service at the Yearly Meeting which we last attended, which was listened to with great interest, and drew many expressions on the part of Friends, of thankfulness that he had been preserved to return to them after so long and arduous labors. He was a total abstainer from all intoxicants, and a strong advocate of the cause of temperance. In giving his account of a three years' journey, during which he was exposed to great climatic extremes, he narrated this incident: His family physician said to him, when bidding him farewell—"Isaac Sharp, you will often be exposed to both

heat and cold, and you will need some stimulant; here is a bottle of spirits, take it and put in your trunk." Isaac Sharp took it, thanking him. On his return at the end of three years, he met this physician, and handing him the bottle, remarked: "Here is the bottle thou kindly gave me when I was leaving. I *suppose* it contains spirits—I have never uncorked it."

The morning we left for Liverpool, where we were to take steamer for our return to America, he invited us to his room, made us a small present, and prayed for us, commending us to God, and on rising gave us his hand in farewell, giving to each one of us a kiss of brotherly love. Less than a year after this he passed to his heavenly home.

At a public meeting in Devonshire House, during this last Yearly Meeting, I delivered a message to the large assembly gathered in the men's room, basing my remarks on Gal. 1: 8, 9. At the close of the meeting, F. S., a prominent Friend who is active in printing and distributing tracts, came to me, and said: "That sermon was well thought out; if thee will write it for me, I will print it." Although it was entirely extemporaneous, yet I can generally reproduce what I have said very nearly as I delivered it. I thought it might do good to thus put it in permanent form, and I complied with his request, and gave him the manuscript, which he accordingly printed in tract form. Following is a copy:

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF AN AMERICAN MINISTER,
AFTER VISITING ENGLAND.

"But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

"As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that you have received, let him be accursed."—Gal i, 8-9.

It is hard to conceive of a more emphatic testimony to the vast importance of the Gospel, and to Paul's own consciousness that the Gospel was true, and that he had truly preached it, than that which is expressed by these words.

They furthermore indicate that the *message*, rather than the messenger, is the paramount consideration. Indeed, the messenger is to be judged by his message. Another Gospel—a Gospel at variance with that preached by Paul—though proclaimed by an Apostle, or even an angel, is by that variance stamped as spurious, and the preacher of it, however exalted his position, is anathematized.

This naturally introduces the question, "What was the Gospel preached by Paul?"

Let us turn first to his own account of his commission as received from the mouth of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself:—

"Rise, stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee, delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith that is in Me."—Acts xxvi, 16, 17, 18.

How comprehensive its scope! How blessed its results! What a testimony to the person of Christ, and the necessity of faith in Him!

See, further, his definite statement of what he had preached at Corinth. We may well believe that what he had preached at Corinth he preached elsewhere.

"Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye received, and wherein ye stand. By which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received—How that Christ DIED FOR OUR SINS, according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures. And that He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve. After that He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that He was seen of James, then of all the Apostles. And last of all, He was seen of me also."

The phrase, "died for our sins," is further explained by the phrase in Gal. i, 4, "Who gave Himself for our sins."

Christianity is a kind of Trinity, comprising:—

First—History and Doctrine.

Secondly—Experience.

Thirdly—Practice.

These in Paul's Gospel are inseparable; each is related to the other two, and all together form one complete whole—a unity. "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

It is almost fashionable in these days to speak disparagingly of doctrine. Some people sneer at "creed." But any man who believes anything has a creed. Certainly creeds formulated by mere human wisdom are not binding upon us, but to believe, declare, or even contend for, the truths of the Gospel—the faith once delivered to the saints—is a Christian duty. There can no more be a Christianity without doctrine than there can be a human body without the anatomical frame.

There are first, the great historic facts of the Gospel,—which are themselves doctrines. Referring to 1 Cor. 15—"Christ died." Who? CHRIST. It is significant the Apostle here uses the official appellation rather than the human name—"Christ died." This of itself has no special significance. Its purpose is conjoined. He "died for our sins," and this is declared to be "according to the Scriptures." What Scrip-

tures? Those extant at that time, viz., the Old Testament, comprising the Law of Moses, and The Prophets, and The Psalms,—those same Scriptures which Jesus referred His Disciples to when

“He said unto them—These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me. Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scripture, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem, and ye are witnesses of these things.”—Luke xxiv, 44-48.

Oh that men would see in this day of criticism that in the mind of Paul—commissioned as we have seen—called to be an Apostle not of men, nor by man, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father,—there is no antagonism between the Old and New Testaments, but one is the complement of the other—one is the lock, the other is the key. When we find inspired, miracle-working apostles—yea, even Christ Himself, in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily,—when we find these appealing to the Old Testament as of Divine authority, placing their endorsement upon almost every book contained in it, it is no time for us with our puny intellects to be calling them in question.

“According to the Scriptures.” We at once recur to those Types, which are declared to be shadows of good things to come, especially the Passover referred to by Paul, when he says—“Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.” We think also of Isaiah’s Messianic scripture—

“Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows, yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity

of us all. He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth; He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment; and who shall declare His generation? For He was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he smitten."—Is. liii, 4-8.

It is plain that in Paul's mind not only was the death of Christ foretold in the Scriptures, but its sacrificial—its "propitiatory"—character was pointed out as well, "He died for our sins." His death was the most stupendous display of God's mercy, love, and righteousness, that men, or even angels, can contemplate. As such it makes a mighty appeal to our hearts. But antecedent to, and apart from, any effect of this kind on us, it had a God-ward aspect, "He offered Himself, without spot, to God." He did not achieve our redemption by revealing God's love to us, but He revealed God's love to us by achieving our redemption. It had to do with the adjustments of the relations of a revolted world, "While we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son;" "He tasted death for every man;" "He is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world;" "As by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of One the free gift came upon all men to the justification of life." Blessed thought! God's provision of mercy embraces all. That mother who laid the body of her babe in the grave may rest assured that its soul is among the redeemed in heaven, because Christ died, and in dying ransomed it. As the father, on the night of the Passover, provided by his own care for the safety of his infant first-born by bringing it under the shelter of the blood, so our Heavenly Father has provided for the safety of every irresponsible infant, notwithstanding it partakes of the effects of the one man's disobedience.

The phrase "died for our sins" leads us back to consider the necessity of His atoning death. It lay in the appalling fact that "all have sinned."

And why did He *die*? Not, as some have explained, to

appease the wrath of an angry God. Oh, no! It is true that, from His very nature, God's attitude is one of irreconcilable hostility toward sin. Yet His attitude towards the *sinner* is one of pity, and love, and benevolence.

"For God so LOVED the world that HE GAVE His only begotten Son: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into this world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved."—John i, 16, 17.

Its purpose, according to emphatic Scripture testimony, was two-fold, relating to both God and man, "that He (God) might be just, *and* the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." Not to condemn, but to save; "Christ gave Himself up for our sins that He might redeem us from this present evil world,—according to the will of God and our Father—to redeem us from all iniquity."

The sacrifice of Christ was not the cause, but the fruit of God's love, He "*so loved* the world." Paul gives us a comprehensive summary of the whole:—

"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God: being justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God:—to declare, I say, at this time, His righteousness; that He might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."—Rom. iii, 23-26.

In Christ, the Way of Salvation for guilty sinners, "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

But those who have come to years of responsibility, in order to become partakers of His salvation, must experience "repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

Paul's gospel enjoins practical righteousness.

I cannot accept Luther's idea that there is any antagonism between Paul and James. The former, quite as clearly as the latter, insists on the genuine fruit of faith—a life of holiness.

It is Paul who writes:—

“It is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men.”—Titus iii, 8.

He also says:—

“Not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified.”—Rom. ii, 13.

But let us keep the Divine order,—first the foundation, then the building. Morality without conversion is like a fair structure on the sand.

If, however, the building needs the foundation, the foundation needs the superstructure to make the whole complete. Having accepted Christ for the forgiveness of sins, and experienced the New Birth, let us go on unto perfection, conforming our lives to the high standard of the Gospel.

We cannot place too high a value on the example and teaching of Christ, but these do not *save* us. Like the law they make sin manifest. *Light reveals* impurity but does not cleanse it.

Christ in His human life is perfected humanity. He is God's own ideal of man.

When we see our own hearts and lives in comparison with His, it serves all the more clearly to show us that we have sinned and have come short of the glory of God. It is like the carpenter's straight-edge, that shows the crookedness of the line or the board, but does not straighten it.

It is Christ, as crucified and risen, who is our personal Saviour. We are saved, not by right living, not by works of righteousness, but “according to His mercy” on the easy, yet unalterable terms of the Gospel—“repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Accepting the amazing facts of the Gospel as the basis of our faith, let us come to Him. He will save to the uttermost.

Believing the truth—the true gospel—not some other—we shall know it to be the “power of God unto Salvation.”

We shall then have the experience, and shall be enabled to live according to Godliness. Our Christianity will then embrace the whole of that blessed trinity—History and Doctrine, Experience, and Practical Righteousness, and we shall finally be admitted to the possession of the “inheritance of the Saints in light.”

Paul’s gospel carries us beyond the death of Christ.

“He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.”

In the Old Testament not only His sacrificial death but His resurrection is foreshadowed and foretold. We find this also in the 53d of Isaiah.

“When Thou hast made his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed; he shall prolong his days.”

In the light of the historical fact, after that “Christ died for our sins,” He rose from the dead, we have no difficulty in explaining the phrase, “He shall prolong His days,” as referring to His resurrection. If it was obscure before that event, it is plain now.

David also, according to Peter, spake of the resurrection of Christ.

“Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell (or my life in the grave), neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see Corruption.”

Yes, friends, we have a *living* Saviour. Our hope is not in a dead Saviour, but in one who Himself proclaims:—

“I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, amen; and have the keys of hell and death.”—Rev. i, 18.

We do not, like Mary, linger around an empty tomb, but, with Thomas, we adore a living Christ, one who lives to apply the blessing He died to procure. “He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.” He is the antitype of the double type of the two goats, one representing Christ as the sacrifice, the other, the scape-goat bearing away the sins of the people, representing Christ risen; or the double type of the two birds employed in the

cleansing of the Leper, the one slain, the other rising and soaring away with the blood-stains upon it.

If we are pointed to Christ as the Saviour, we want some sufficient proof that He is able to save, and this proof is supplied in the gospel which Paul preached, in the fact of His resurrection. This is the proof of His Deity, "declared to be the Son of God, with power, by the resurrection from the dead." It is proof of His Deity, of our own resurrection and future life, and of the coming judgment. God has appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised Him from the dead."

We now come to the second division of our subject, viz.: —Experience.

What results flow from this Gospel. Oh, Friends! I appeal to you, who, like myself, have come to know its power. Conscious that we are near the hour when you will hear my voice no more, I bear witness to that which I know.

In years gone by I was brought under the most poignant conviction. The pains of hell got hold upon me, I found trouble and sorrow. It was not that open sins had blackened my moral character, for I was a moral youth. But, oh, under the Holy Spirit's power I was made to feel that I was terribly guilty in the sight of God. I sought the Lord in lonely places—in the cornfield, in the woods, in the farmyard, and in the closet. Many were the times when such was the agony of my soul that I made the very bed under me to shake.

But the hour of deliverance came; Christ revealed Himself to me. I seemed to see Him dying on the cross for me. I was so absorbed in the thought of my personal relation to Him, that I lost for the moment a view of the wideness of God's mercy. That mercy all seemed to converge upon me alone. Like Paul, I felt that He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*. In an instant my load was gone, my darkness was dispelled, all condemnation was removed, and my sorrow was

turned into joy. I can never forget that day. Since then it has been my delight to sing—

“E’er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.”

Another illustrative case was one told me by a friend who knew the individual and the particular circumstances. It was that of a young man who was at one time converted, and used to testify of his love to his Saviour, and engage in public prayer. He went through his Bible and marked many of the texts bearing on the subject of salvation through faith in the blood of Christ. But, as the result of reading some publications which threw discredit on the authority and inspiration of the Scriptures, his faith was overthrown, he lost his experience, and denied the very truths in which he had found comfort. His health failed—he went into a decline. When he saw death was inevitable, he asked for his Bible, and searched out all the texts on the atonement which he had marked. As a result of this the Holy Spirit brought him to see once more his lost and undone condition, and at the same time showed him that the precious atoning blood of Christ was his only ground for hope. He once more found joy and peace in believing, and died in the triumphs of faith.

The Gospel points not only to a risen, but to an ascended Christ, our advocate and intercessor, in answer to whose intercession the Holy Spirit is given.

It is by faith in Christ crucified and risen that we obtain the gift of the Holy Spirit.

“He that believeth on Me, said the Lord Jesus, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. This spake He of the Spirit which they that believe on Him should receive.”

It was when the Apostles preached Christ that the Holy Ghost fell on those who heard. If Paul were here he might well ask the question put by him to the Christians at Corinth:—“Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?”

The Gospel—the Gospel as preached by Paul—proclaims not only pardon, but holiness, freedom from sin, purity of heart.

"Therefore being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."

Being exalted now at the right hand of God, reigning now in the power of an endless life as our great High Priest—

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God through Him; seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

Yes, to the uttermost, from all we need to be saved from, to all we need to be saved to, and this evermore, moment by moment, unto the end.

And this is ascribed to the merit and power of a personal Christ.

"For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to Whom be glory for ever and ever."

Leaving London we went to Liverpool, where passage was engaged for us on the Cunard steamer, Etruria, a companion vessel to the Umbria, on which we went over. We embarked on the afternoon of Fifth month 30, 1896, arriving in New York at noon on the 6th of Seventh month. We had a very smooth and comfortable voyage, though in the estimation of the seamen, more dangerous than that when we went over, on account of fog and icebergs. They said we missed a vessel one night only a few yards.

Our last run from noon to noon—twenty-four hours—was 487 miles. Distance from Liverpool to New York, according to our ship's record, was 3,110 miles.

They had their entertainment as usual, on board the vessel, at which I read the following poem :

THE VOYAGE.

(THE RETURN.)

England, Adieu! I leave, without regret,
 Thy shores, tho' thou hast been most kind to me,
 And I shall think of thee most kindly, yet
 I ne'er could leave my native land for thee.

Etruria! thou shalt be my gallant steed
 On which I'll ride the ocean's foaming crest,
 Then nerve thee for the race, nor slack thy speed,
 Pursue yon sun as he flies toward the West.

O Phoebus! could we harness thee to draw
 Our vessel after thee across the main,
 I soon should reach my native land, but ah!
 We lag behind: my wish is all in vain.

Then hasten on, and tell our loved ones there
 We are on board, and homeward bound once more,
 Tell them to lift to heaven a daily prayer
 That we may safely reach the destined shore.

O! Neptune! keep the stormy winds at bay,
 Deliver us from elemental wrath,
 Bid fog and ice be driven far away,
 Let no stray vessel intercept our path.

And now 'tis night,—how very like it seems
 As long ago, when in my "Rock-a-bye"
 I found the real melt away to dreams,
 While listening to my mother's "lullaby."

Again 'tis morn! Yon dazzling charioteer
 Comes mounting swiftly up the azure dome!
 Oh! that he had a voice that I might hear
 How loved ones fared as he looked in on home!

The morning breeze has stiffened to a gale,
See how our vessel leaps from wave to wave,
My fellow passengers, why turn ye pale?
Americans and British should be brave.

Hear ye that horn? It tells the feast is spread:—
Come let us eat and drink and merry be:
Why sit so long, and hang and shake your head?
The bill is paid and now the feast is free.

How true it is:—"A full soul loatheth e'en
An honey comb." We see it so today!
But yesterday we had a festive scene:
Today full souls are empty turned away!

Hark! what means that oft repeated blast
That breaks the stillness of the midnight hour?
It makes the bravest seaman stand aghast
When fog and darkness both assert their power.

Ye faithful men, how much we owe to you!
While unmolested we take our repose,
Ye watch and labor all the long night through,
While billows surge and howling tempest blows.

But know ye not that He whose sleepless eye
Can see alike in darkness and the light,
With all a Father's tenderness is nigh
To guard from danger both by day and night?

Six days and nights have come and gone apace—
We must be nearing land. The sea birds come
To bid us welcome. Yes, I faintly trace
The coast line of America, my home.

O! land of my nativity! All hail!
I shout with joy to reach thy port once more!
Unfurl the "Stars and Stripes;" and furl the sail,
Throw out the bridge! Thy voyage now is o'er!

Adieu, Etruria! Like a winning steed

Whose heaving flanks grow calm after the race,
Thou'rt quiet now, thou hast run well indeed:

I leave thee tethered in the accustom'd place.

On thy return tell England's sons we are

Their brothers. No dispute o'er boundaries
Can ever make us draw the sword in war

With those to whom we're linked by many ties.

PART II.

CHAPTER X.

THIS AND THAT ABOUT GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

ALTHOUGH we went abroad with a different object from that of ordinary tourists, ours being a Gospel mission, yet our travels through Great Britain and Ireland afforded us an opportunity to see such things of interest as fell in our line of travel, the same as those who travel for the purpose of seeing them, and while we did not neglect our Gospel work for mere sight-seeing, we availed ourselves of such opportunities as our journey afforded for visiting places of interest, when we could do so without interfering with the prime object of our visit. Sketches relating to some of these places, will not be out of place in this story of my life.

LONDON.

What a world within itself is this great metropolis! With a population of over 5,000,000, greater than that of all Ireland, or that of New York,* Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cincinnati, combined.

* This relates to New York City of 1895.

Besides the resident population, there is a constant influx of persons coming daily into the city for various purposes.

A report made to the Lord Mayor by a special committee appointed by the Court of Aldermen, revealed the fact that the vehicles entering Liverpool street, on four successive days, varied from 11,763 to 16,674 daily; and that the daily number of passengers using Bishopgate Street Station, was 30,000; Broad Street Station, was 75,000; and Liverpool Street Station, was 100,000. The total number of omnibuses entering the city daily, was 8,955; of persons entering and leaving the city, by way of London Bridge, was 214,000; of vehicles entering the city, 25,826; and foot passengers, 1,100,636.

We took a ride one pleasant day through one of the principal streets, and over London Bridge, on the upper part of a double-deck omnibus, from which we had a view of street scenes. Such a throng of vehicles of various descriptions, moving in opposite directions, and met at every intersecting street by others, and foot passengers without number, has no equal in any other city. One marvels at the skill of the drivers of those omnibuses. The streets of the older portion of London, like those of Boston, are narrow and crooked, and the buildings, compared with some of our American cities, are low,—four to six stories being, per-

haps, a fair average. The city is honey-combed with double-track railroads, through which the trains run at high speed at intervals of two to five minutes, stopping at stations only a few blocks apart, for passengers to get off. The obvious reason for constructing their coaches with compartments for the accommodation of ten passengers to each compartment, with a door on each side, is to facilitate the discharge and taking on of passengers; a full coach can be emptied as quickly as ten passengers can step out.

One can form some idea of this underground travel when we are told on good authority, that at one station—Kensington—three hundred and sixty-five trains pass daily.

Who has not heard of a London fog? But one needs to see it, to realize it. It is a darkness to be felt; sometimes so dense that traffic on the streets has to be suspended.

BUNHILL FIELDS CEMETERY.

In the heart of London is Bunhill Fields Cemetery, a burial ground of Dissenters, comprising about four acres. It is said about one hundred and twenty-five thousand have been buried there, among them some persons of distinction. There may be seen the tombs of Isaac Watts, the hymn writer; John Bunyan; Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and

Charles; Daniel De Foe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*; Richard and Henry, the two sons of Cromwell; and others scarcely less noted. Just outside this cemetery, on City Road, is the house where John Wesley lived, and near it, the church where he preached. I was permitted to enter the latter, and view its interior, and ascend the steps to the little box pulpit where he was wont to stand when he proclaimed his Gospel messages. In the front yard is a large statue of Wesley, standing with Bible in hand, as in the attitude of preaching. Behind the church is his tomb, which is rectangular in shape and several feet high; beside it is that of Dr. Adam Clarke, which is considerably smaller than that of Wesley.

On the opposite side of the cemetery, in grounds belonging to Friends, George Fox was buried. His grave is marked by an unpretentious stone three or four feet high, inscribed with his name, and date of his birth and death.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

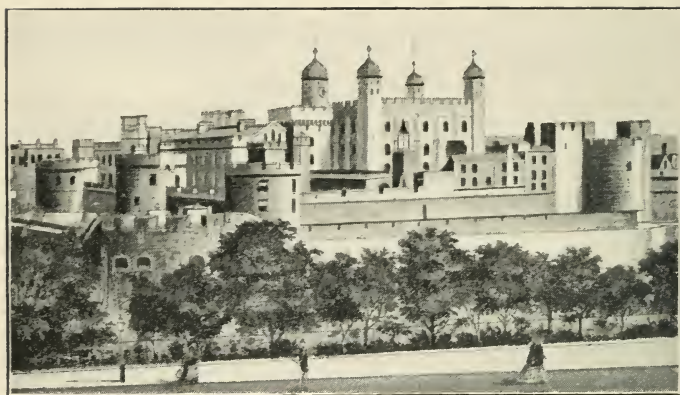
The sight-seer in London will not fail of a visit to the British Museum. It is a large building with a dome which is said to be almost a fac simile of the Pantheon in Rome. The height of this dome is 106 feet, diameter is 140. In front is a portico formed by a double range of columns, eight on each side, with

projecting wings with columns. Passing through the courtyard you ascend by twelve steps, each one hundred and twenty feet long.

Perhaps nowhere else in the world is to be seen so large a collection of antiquities, Assyrian, Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, and British. Clay tablets and cylinders, on which are inscribed the history of the ancient monarchies of Ninveh, and Babylon; huge stone slabs on which, by their method of picture writing, are chronicled the deeds of some of the kings of those ancient peoples, confirming the Scripture account of the same—these form a study for the antiquarian, where he may learn more of those ancient nations, than he could learn on the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris.

There you may see the stone coffins of the Pharaohs, and other Egyptians, with some of their mummies. The Rosetta Stone is there, which was found near the mouth of the Nile by the French in 1799. It is a basaltic stone slab, three feet by two and one-half, with an inscription in three languages, viz.: Hieroglyphics, modified hieroglyphics, and Greek, setting forth the praises of Ptolemy Epiphanes 194 B. C. It formed the key to the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

A stroll through the galleries of natural history, affords one a rare opportunity to study this department of nature: and there is the library with its hun-



TOWER OF LONDON.

dreds of thousands of volumes, and the art department of paintings and sculpture. Some one has said of the British Museum, "It is a world in its vastness."

LONDON TOWER.

More history centers in London Tower than in any other spot in England. It was founded by William the Conqueror, and finished by Henry III, who fortified it with high embattled walls. The premises allotted for the Tower comprise about twenty-six acres. It has in time past, been a fortress, a palace, and a prison. While it goes by the name of *The Tower*, it is, in fact, a collection of Towers, bearing distinctive names, such as the "White Tower," the "Bloody Tower," the "Cradle Tower," the "Bell Tower," the "Beauchamp Tower," and a number of others. The "Inner Ward" is guarded by thirteen towers of different degrees of strength. The surrounding wall is the "Outer Ward," on which are eight towers, three of them so large as to be forts in themselves. The whole fortress, with its turrets, its battlements, its roofs and chimneys, a good-sized town within itself,—is encircled by a wide ditch, or "Moat." The walls are of great thickness.

As a palace, the Tower of London was occupied at intervals by all the English sovereigns, down to Charles the II.

As a prison, it has held within its strong walls, many distinguished persons, kings, queens, princes, dukes, earls, etc. William Penn was at one time imprisoned there. At a spot marked by a paved place in the grass, the first permanent gibbet was set up in the reign of Edward IV, and the place became the usual scene of executions for state offences during the Tudor reigns. But the first recorded executions here were much earlier, namely, those of Sir Simon Burley, Sir John Beauchamp, and Sir James Berners, adherents of King Richard II, who were beheaded in 1388.

As we read the history of the scores of executions which were witnessed in this place, extending through the reigns of many sovereigns of England, one turns sick at heart. What bloody deeds committed by a nation professing to be Christian! Who does not even now, at the rehearsal of the story of the accomplished Lady Jane Grey, voluntarily placing her head on the block, protesting her innocence, forgiving her executioner, and uttering the prayer, "Lord into thy hands I commend my spirit"—I say who can read the touching story and not be moved to tears? Truly,

Man's inhumanity to man,
Has made countless thousands mourn.

We saw, rudely carved in the inner walls of the prison of the Tower, many names, and brief sentences, the work of those who had been imprisoned there.

Perhaps no other department of London Tower interests the modern visitor, as does the Jewel Room. The center of a vaulted chamber is occupied by a double iron cage, within which are the splendid objects which form the Regalia of England. In this group are many of the crowns once worn by former Kings and Queens of England. The most conspicuous, at the time of our visit, was the crown of Queen Victoria, used for the coronation of Her Majesty in 1838. It is a crimson velvet cap, encircled by a golden band, with a border of ermine, and set with many costly gems; sapphire, ruby, pearls, and diamonds. The whole number of diamonds of all sizes in the crown, is 2,783;—277 pearls, 5 rubies, 17 sapphires, and 11 emeralds. Its value is said to be five millions of dollars!

Other articles of great value are to be seen in the same enclosure, such as golden urns, vases, goblets, salt cellars, scepters, besides many articles of silver. Here also we saw the model of the Koh-i-noor, in its original setting as it came from India, before cutting, a gem of high antiquity.

CHAPTER XI.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

NO TRAVELER, visiting London, can afford to miss a visit to Westminster Abbey, the national mausoleum of Great Britain, where lie buried her mighty dead.

The building itself, with its transepts, naive, choir, chapels, and cloisters, is a splendid specimen of architecture. But it is that which is enclosed within its walls, which is of chief interest—its monuments and tablets, inscribed with world-renowned names, its tombs of kings and queens; Romish priests, and Protestant bishops, lying side by side; those who in life lived at enmity, now resting peacefully in the same enclosure; Elizabeth sleeping in the same vault with her sister, Mary Tudor, “Bloody Mary”—these things suggest a train of serious reflections. The coronation chair, an old oak chair in which the kings of England were crowned, is a conspicuous object among the many to be seen in the Abbey. It has in its seat a stone on which the kings of Scotland were crowned, and previously, the Irish kings. According to tradition this is the stone which Jacob used for a pillow at Bethel, and that it was carried into Ireland by the

Prophet Jeremiah. Its history can be traced to very early times when it was in the Cathedral of Cashel, formerly the metropolis of the kings of Munster, on which they were crowned. In 513, Fergus, a prince of the royal line, having obtained the Scottish throne, procured this stone for his coronation at Dunstaffnage, where it continued until the time of Kenneth II, 843, who removed it to Scone, and in 1296 it was removed by Edward I from Scone to Westminster.

What a lesson in the thought that near this chair where the heads of sovereigns were crowned now repose, crownless in their tombs, these same sovereigns, and those who exulted in "The Divine Right of Kings," are now the common sharers of the fate of all mortals!

A large number of distinguished persons not of royal rank—statesmen, poets, artists, historians, philanthropists, etc., have been buried in this Abbey, and memorial tablets, inscribed with the names of other persons of distinction, who were buried elsewhere, are to be seen in the "Poet's Corner." No spot, however, in this great mausoleum impressed me as did that where Dr. David Livingstone, the great African explorer, was buried. His body reposes under the floor of the Abbey, covered with a slab of marble, inscribed with his name and a sentence, in reference to the slave trade, which he penned not long before his death:

"All I can add in my loneliness is, may heaven's blessing come down on every one, American, Englishman, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

Livingstone spent thirty years in Africa, traveled twenty-nine thousand miles, and added one-twelfth to the known area of the surface of the globe. Besides being himself a successful missionary, and establishing a number of missions, he opened the way for others who have continued the work. After a life of hardships, and perils from wild beasts, savage natives, and African fever, he died alone on his knees at Ilala in central Africa. The natives whom he had as his escort, buried his heart in the place where he died, embalmed his body, and bore it on their shoulders a journey of nine months, to Zanzibar, whence it was conveyed to England, and placed in the Abbey. As I stood over the spot where this moral hero is resting, and read the inscription on his tomb, when I remembered what I had learned of his self-sacrificing life work, "a flood of thoughts came over me," and I could not repress my tears. I felt indeed there was one who was truly great, though never adorned with the crown of jewels of earthly royalty, for whom a crown of righteousness was laid up in heaven.

The following stanzas were composed on the occasion of this visit to Westminster Abbey:

· LINES

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I walked within an ancient Abbey where
Were sculptured tombs of those the world called great:—
Of kings, queens, bards, divines, sequestered there
Beneath that vaulted roof in solemn state.

Those who were loved and those who were despised,
And those who curs'd mankind, and those who blessed,
The unremembered, and the canonized,
Lay side by side in their long dreamless rest.

I sat me down and mused awhile alone
On the uncertainty of earthly things—
How death is victor over every throne,
And wrests the scepter from the hand of kings.

What tho' it may not be thy lot to wear
A crown, and o'er an earthly realm bear sway;—
To crown more glorious thou may'st be an heir,
When earth's last crown has crumbled to decay.

What tho' with ill intent some foe pursue—
Be he a slave or sceptered monarch he—
Leave him to Time and Death, they will subdue
That foe of thine, without one blow from thee!

All flesh is grass. As fades the wreath outside
The gilded tomb, so he within decays:
The great man's history ends with—"*Then he died*"
And, "*Dust to dust,*" concludes Earth's meed of praise.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

These stand contiguous to Westminster Abbey,
and are an imposing specimen of architecture. Much
of the history of the British Empire is associated with

these buildings. Here Cromwell was installed Lord Protector. Great trials of State took place, and Charles I was condemned to die, within their walls. They have resounded with the eloquence of Pitt, Buxton, Bright, Gladstone, and a host of others, famed as statesmen. Here laws have been, and still are enacted, which shape the policy of the great empire.

I must not omit to mention Cleopatra's Needle, companion to the one which stands in Central Park, New York City. It is an obelisk of rose-tinted granite, standing on the bank of the Thames. It is a four-sided shaft, seventy-five feet high and eight feet wide at the base, on three sides are hieroglyphic inscriptions. It was named after the beautiful Egyptian Queen Cleopatra, the daughter of Ptolemy.

SAINT PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

This imposing building stands in the heart of London. It is an immense structure, nearly half a mile in circumference; it is in the form of a cross, and its nave and transept are five hundred feet in length. Its seating capacity is said to be thirty-five thousand. It is said to have cost four million dollars. It is said to be the largest Protestant place of worship in the world.

St. Paul's, like other similar structures, is used for a burial place for the illustrious dead. Nelson's remains lie in a sarcophagus of black marble, and those of the Duke of Wellington, are in one of porphyry. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others of note are buried here.

The front is ornamented with the statues of the apostles, and on its entablature is a representation of the miraculous conversion of St. Paul. Within, the niches are filled with the statues of celebrated persons.

While we were passing through the aisles, the verger called out, "It is time for service," and closed all the little gates to prevent persons from passing in and out while it was going on. We took our seats and had our first experience in witnessing a Church of England service. A choir of about thirty little boys, all dressed in white, did the singing, or chanting, and read responsively with the minister. It was quite a contrast to the more simple, non-ritualistic form of worship, to which we had been accustomed in our own church.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

We were well paid for a day spent at these Gardens, where may be seen the greatest variety in the line of natural history, to be found in one collection anywhere in the world, brought from every part

of the globe at the enormous cost of ten millions of dollars. It is at all times open to the public—no charge is made for admission, so the poor, as well as the rich, can have the benefit of it. Here are elephants, rhinoceroses, camels, camelopards, lions, tigers, hyenas, kangaroos, leopards, bears, wolves, baboons, apes, monkeys, and almost every kind of animal that can be named. There are crocodiles, alligators, seals, boa constrictors, vipers, rattle snakes, and other serpents. Of birds, there are eagles, ostriches, parrots in great variety, geese, ducks, swans, cranes, and various other species of the feathered tribe. The visitor to London should not fail to spend a day or two at these Gardens.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Crystal Palace is another place that will well repay for the trouble of visiting. The palace itself is a wonder. As its name indicates, it is built of glass, fitted into steel, or iron frame work, both overhead and on every side. Above, it is beautifully arched, with transverse sections, the whole length being about five hundred feet. Its interior is subdivided into different apartments, allotted to various purposes:—anthropology, ornithology, botany, and collections of specimens in untold variety, while in the

center is the great organ and the orchestra. The large collection of parrots of various species, by their untranslated vernacular reminds one of Babel—is is certainly confusion of tongues.

We were ushered into a maze, formed of mirrors extending from floor to ceiling, arranged so as to form zigzag passages. There one can see himself “as others see us,” for turn whatever way you will there is the image of yourself, back view, front view, side view, and every motion you make, duplicated by a score or two, exactly resembling yourself. If you have a friend with you to whom you wish to speak, put out your hand with care, lest you break a mirror, in mistaking his reflected image for himself. The scene around the palace is most lovely. We are reminded by a visit to this place of the saying, “Great people love great playthings.” Such things, however, are not without utility, as, besides affording opportunities for innocent pleasure, and needed recreation to overworked classes, they furnish facility for the study of nature and some of the sciences.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

This building, which is located at one side of Trafalgar Square, is furnished with an immense collection of paintings by some of the master artists of

the world; it is called "The Home of British Art." There are to be seen the productions of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir E. Landseer, famed for his animal paintings. Besides other English artists, such as Leighton, Wilkie, Leslie, and others. There are fine specimens from the Spanish school, among whom may be mentioned Murillo, and Velasquez. Among the Flemish, Reubens and Vandyck, among the Italian, Titian.

It is a remarkable fact that the sublimest conceptions of noted painters, are supplied by the Bible. How one loves to linger before such pictures as "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene," or "Christ lamenting over Jerusalem," or "St. John and the Lamb." One instinctively recoils, as we gaze on Armitage's "Remorse of Judas," or "Peter's Denial."

Though even a hurried visit is sufficient to imprint on the mind, many of the pictures with which the walls of this repository of art are adorned—paintings for which the two books, Nature and Revelation, have supplied the conceptions, yet to get anything like a complete appreciation of what is there to be seen, you need leisure and repeated visits. This, the demand upon our time for Gospel work, would not allow. But I shall ever be grateful that we had the privilege of even a brief tarriance in this National Gallery.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Standing on the steps of the National Gallery, just before you is Trafalgar Square, an open space used as a place of promenade, fountains are playing in different places. The most conspicuous thing, however, is Nelson's monument, a column rising one hundred and eighty feet, crowned with a granite statue of the hero. On the sides of this monument, in bronze bas-relief, are representations of "The Death of Nelson," "The Battle of the Nile," "The Battle of St. Vincent," and "The Battle of Copenhagen," with the Lions of Landseer, couching at the base. Wellington and Nelson are the idols of England. The statue of the "Iron Duke," mounted upon his charger, stands opposite the Mansion House, where he resided. It is upon the triumphal arch erected to commemorate his military triumphs. Whoever looks upon the statue of Nelson, will recall his dying words at the fatal engagement in which he fell at Trafalgar: "England expects every man to do his duty."

Who ever looks upon the statue of the Duke of Wellington will think of Waterloo, where was:

Battle's magnificently stern array,

The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,

The earth is covered thick with other clay,

Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,

Horse, rider, friend, foe, in one red burial blent.

Over 60,000 fell in one day! And are these the scenes which nations calling themselves Christian should vie with each other in commemorating? But I must do England the justice to say, that other heroes than those of her armies and navy, have shared the nation's honor in the way of statues and monuments. I do not remember seeing in my travels through England, more statues of any one of her citizens, than I saw of John Bright; and Sir Robert Peel, and George Peabody, are in like manner honored.

SOME OF LONDON'S BUSINESS HOUSES.

The place where the business of the British Empire centers is the Bank of England, where is kept a larger amount of treasure than in any other one spot in the world. This is a kind of gauge which, to some extent, determines the money market of the civilized world. Gold bullion in this bank (consequent upon the discovery of gold in Australia, in 1852) was £21,845,390, or over \$100,000,000.

The Bank of England was projected by William Patterson, a Scotch merchant, to meet the difficulty experienced by William III, Prince of Orange (1689), in raising the supplies for the war against France.

The building of the Bank of England, is not conspicuous for its height, but for its extent, and strength,

having a double wall, and including others connected with it, covering an area of eight acres.

The London Post Office is a place of great activity. There is almost a constant train of small, one-horse vehicles, on which are the words, "Royal Mail," approaching and leaving, for the purpose of receiving and delivering the mail. What a mass of intelligence, pours into, and issues daily from that great center!

The General Post Office is on both sides of the street, the new building being a magnificent structure that cost over \$1,500,000. That on the east side is 390 feet long. That on the west side contains the telegraph galleries, measuring 300 by 90 feet, and contains 500 instruments, and the number of telegrams conveyed in the year is about 70,000,000. This building cost over \$2,000,000. North of these is another building which contains the offices of the postmaster general. It cost over \$1,500,000.

The Palace of Justice is another of London's busy marts.

The Royal Institute is a fine specimen of architecture.

The Albert Memorial, erected in memory of the Prince Consort, who died in 1861, stands contiguous to Hyde Park, the scene of the great Exhibition of 1851. It stands on a broad stone pavement, elevated, and reached by stone steps on each of the four sides

of this quadrangular base, at each corner of which are large sculptured figures, symbolizing the four continents, respectively, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. At the upper edge of this base, and extending completely around it, is a belt of solid masonry of Scicilian marble, about two feet broad, on which are carved in relief, the head and bust of various persons of distinction—poets, authors, painters, sculptors, etc. From this base at each corner is a column, extending perpendicularly for several feet, above the openings thus formed are gables, four in number, and extending still upward is a spire 150 feet high, and terminated by a gilt cross. This structure is ornamented by a number of statues, and a gilt statue of Prince Albert is plainly visible between the columns. For the erection of this Memorial, Parliament voted £50,000, in addition to the £60,000 raised by private subscription, the total cost being about \$640,000.

Hyde Park comprises about 394 acres. This is the promenade of the elite of London, and there is Rotten Row—Route de Roi—the King's Way, a drive where, in the season, are throngs of the nobility of England, seated in their coroneted carriages, their spirited horses, with their trappings of gold, driven by liveried and powdered servants. "It is the rendez-vous of beauty, wealth, and fashion. There are ladies of

hereditary rank and high-born culture, with their fair, fresh faces, and eyes beaming upon their gallant attendants."

But are they happy? Perhaps some of them are, and possibly others are not, for

There's many a brow that wears a smile
Above a heart of care;
And many a laughing eye conceals
The writhings of despair.

CHAPTER XII.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

OF ALL the splendid places, in England, the most splendid, as is to be expected, is Windsor Castle, the royal residence, situated on the Thames, not far from London. It was begun by William the Conqueror, 1066, and alterations and additions have been made from time to time, by the reigning sovereigns of England. It recalls the whole of English history, through all the eight centuries which have elapsed since the foundations were laid by the first Norman king. It is a military fortress, an ecclesiastical college, and a royal palace: the birthplace of many kings—their first and last homes. To give anything like a complete description of this castellated palace, would require a book of considerable dimensions. Art and wealth, have been lavishly drawn upon to make this high place of kinghood and knighthood, this permanent abode of royalty, such as would satisfy the pride and ambition of this great empire.

A friend took us to visit this Castle. The Queen was absent on the Continent, hence we had the privilege of going over it, as we would not have had if

she had been there. We had to wait in the ante-chamber till a sufficient number of persons had collected to justify the guide in conducting us through the apartments.

We first went into a large room, on the walls of which were very fine paintings, and where there was beautiful China ware. The drawing room also was adorned with beautiful paintings, tapestry, urns, etc. The upholstering was of red satin, and the tapestry had on it the most beautiful pictures of needle work. We saw the ivory chair used by the Queen when guests were introduced to her.

When she had reigned fifty years, they celebrated her jubilee. Rulers of different nations sent their costly gifts. There was an ivory box set with diamonds; a golden urn costing thousands of dollars; two fans as large as an umbrella, made of ostrich feathers; two made of peacock feathers, and numberless other things.

There was the Gold Room, and the "Silver Room," glittering with the precious metal designed for table service.

Everything of plate required for a banquet of three hundred at the royal table, all of solid gold.

The *Throne Room* is one of the most splendid in point of decoration, to be seen in the Castle. It comprises the rich canopied throne, blue walls, and deli-

cately carved woodwork, all in harmony with the elaborate ceiling; the exquisitely carved ivory throne chair and stool, presented by the Maharajah of Travancore, and the three beautiful chandeliers, all of cut glass. This room is 75 feet long, 23 feet wide, 20 feet high. There are some very fine pictures on the wall.

A corridor, which is used as a picture gallery, 440 feet long, and 15 feet wide, is adorned with a great variety of rare paintings, and statuary. Besides some of more remote date, there is a collection of modern pictures, illustrating notable events in Queen Victoria's reign.

St. George's Chapel, the place where the Queen worshiped, is in keeping with others grouped around Windsor Castle. A large number of statues occupy the niches in the walls, and elaborate carvings give a charm to the interior. The seats, however, are plain, and there is no carpet on the floor. The Queen during service, occupied a small elevated apartment, where she could see the minister, but was not in the view of the congregation, and hence was not exposed to the gaze of curious onlookers.

The Albert Memorial Chapel adjoins the east end of St. George's Chapel. It is scarcely possible to describe this so as to give an adequate idea of its magnificence. To realize its splendor, it must be seen.

Wealth, art, the Queen's devotion to the memory of the Prince Consort, and the affection of a grateful people, lavishly contributed to its adornment. Its length is 68 feet, breadth 28 feet, height about 60 feet. The vaulted roof is covered with the famous Venetian enamel mosaics. Near the altar is the cenotaph of the Prince Consort—that is to say, an *empty* tomb, designed simply as a *memorial*. At each of the four corners are figures of angels supporting shields of armor of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort; at the foot is a statuette of the Queen, with other figures at the head and sides. On the top lies the recumbent figure, of white marble, of the Prince, attired in his robes, his head resting upon a pillow, supported by angels, with his favorite dog at his feet.

The place where the Prince is really buried, is a short distance down the Long Walk. For this purpose, the Prince Consort's mausoleum was erected by the Queen. It is in the form of a cross, from the center of which rises a dome 70 feet high, with transept chapels, east, west, north and south, each being connected by an aisle. The ceiling, sky blue, is set with stars of gold. The floor is of inlaid polished marble, and in the center, under the dome, is the sarcophagus of polished Aberdeen granite; at the four corners are angels kneeling with extended wings, and hands clasped; upon the tomb lies

the recumbent figure, in white marble, of the Prince Consort, attired as a field-marshal. On the side of this tomb, in gold letters, are his name, titles, date of his birth, of his marriage, and of his death.

Only a small number of the rooms and buildings of Windsor Castle can be even briefly mentioned, without extending to too great a length. The buildings and stables cover nearly four acres.

The Royal Demesne in which the Castle stands, is an extensive park, in which are thousands of deer. What is known by the name of the Long Walk (a magnificent avenue of elms), nearly three miles long, is in this park, also the Royal Gardens, covering about thirty acres; here are hothouses, greenhouses, and conservatories.

There are many old castles throughout England, each of which has a history connected with it. They are mostly in a ruined condition. They are no longer used, as formerly, by chiefs of clans, as a place of safety and defense against the incursions of hostile tribes; nor are they used as they were in the days of religious persecution, as places of confinement for prisoners. Brief mention may be made of some of the castles which we visited.

Colchester Castle was built by the Romans early in the Christian era. Its walls are of stone and con-

crete, about twelve feet thick, and fifty feet high, and covers about half an acre. It has a square court in the center, with cells and chambers in the walls, two rows, one above the other. In some of these, iron staples and chains by which the prisoners were fastened, are still on the floor. Some of the early Friends were imprisoned here, among them was James Parnel, a very powerful minister, who died here at 18 years of age. It is said he had been instrumental in the conversion of four thousand. We stood in the cell where he was imprisoned. It was one of the upper ones, twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground. The only way he could obtain his meals was by descending by a short rope, to a ladder, standing on the floor where his food was left for him. Being weak from confinement, he on one occasion in ascending to his cell lost his hold, and fell, and some months after died from his injury. Sewell records the fact that two Friends offered to lie in his cell, body for body, that James Parnel might have liberty to go to a Friend's house to be cared for, till, when sufficiently restored, he could return to his imprisonment. Not only was this denied, but he was refused the privilege of leaving his cold, damp cell, for an occasional walk in the court of the castle; and once, the door of his cell being left unbolted, he was found walking in the open space between the high walls.

This so incensed the jailor, that he locked him out of his cell, and compelled him to stay outside all night, being the coldest time of winter. He died saying, "Here I die innocently."

Lancaster Castle is another one built by the Romans. It has been repaired, and is used as a kind of town house for the city. Here George Fox was tried and imprisoned. On the floor of this Castle are still to be seen the staples, rings, and chains used to secure prisoners, and underneath is a deep, dark dungeon, with no opening except a small one at the top. We saw the gallows and rope, formerly used for hanging such as were punished capitally. There were also the staples where they used to fasten the hand of the culprit while they branded it with a hot iron.

Scarboro Castle is another place where George Fox was imprisoned. It was formerly very extensive, but now there remains little of it except the "keep."

OXFORD.

While in this classic city visiting the Friends and attending their meeting, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to visit some of its places of interest. The intelligent reader need not be told that this is where Oxford University is located. It comprises a large number of very extensive buildings, some of them over five hundred years old. We had the privilege of going through some of them, whose arches,

corridors, cloisters, columns, minarets and towers, as well as the paintings, sculpture, and libraries, interested us very much. There were about three thousand students in attendance.

The spot where Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer were burnt, is marked by a cross of stone lying on the ground, and a large and expensive monument stands near. In an elevated recess on each of its three sides, are placed life-sized stone statues of the three martyrs.

There is a very curious pavement formed of the knuckle bones of the human hand, which has recently been unearthed in Oxford. It appears to have been the floor of a room, when and by whom made, is unknown. It probably dates back to, or before, the Roman occupation.

What has been said of Oxford University, as to general features, will also apply to Cambridge College, the other one of England's seats of learning.

The Romans left in England many marks of their occupation. Here and there, we see walls, or portions of walls, built by them; also Roman roads; and in the city of Bath, recent excavations have brought to light Roman baths in a good state of preservation. They are formed of masonry, lined with sheets of lead with an amalgum of silver. The water is supplied by warm springs, possessed of medicinal properties, and a sanitarium is located there.

CHAPTER XIII.

BRISTOL.

A VISIT to Bristol, which has a population of 300,000, gave us an opportunity of forming the acquaintance of some very valuable Friends. Joseph Storrs Fry, who has extensive cocoa works, and who is one of the leading Friends of London Yearly Meeting, lives in this city. He is a man of means, and intellectual ability, and yet of a very lovable, child-like spirit. How simple, and yet how fervent his prayers. It was, indeed, encouraging to have him kneel beside us and ask the divine blessing on our labors, and commend us to divine care.

There is in this city one of the largest of the meetings of London Yearly Meeting. Our home was with Catherine Charlton, widow of the late Robert Charlton. She was truly an elder worthy of double honor.

The name of George Muller is associated with the city of Bristol, for it is there his orphanage is located. He was still living at the time of our visit, in 1896, hale, erect, and intellectually bright, at the advanced age of ninety, in *appearance* not more than seventy-five. "He said he felt called of the Lord to undertake this

work sixty-two years ago. At first he had only thirty orphans, and one building, now" (quoting my wife's sketch of 1896) "he has two thousand children and five large buildings. He takes these children, feeds, clothes and educates them till, at fifteen, they are placed in homes. He has expended six million dollars, and yet has never solicited subscriptions, but has carried it on by faith and prayer. He said he had been trusting the Lord for over sixty years, and was not tired of the way; that he trusts the Lord as a little child trusts its parents. Many send him money of whom he has never heard. He said he had two objects in view in starting the work—one to care for orphans, another, to teach a lesson of trusting God." —(*From sketches by Elvira T. Woodard.*)

The following is from a paper entitled *The New Acts*:

George Muller's first orphan house of his own building accommodated about three hundred orphans. In the year 1850 this house was much more than full, and seventy-eight orphans had applied for whom there was no room. In December of that year Mr. Muller came under a great exercise of mind regarding the duty on his part of building another orphan house.

The day after Christmas of that year he records in his journal, "Every day I pray about this matter, but converse with no one, not even my dear wife. I deal with God alone, that no outward influence or excitement may keep me from a clear discovery of His will. As this is one of the most momentous steps I have ever taken, I cannot be too prayerful and deliberate. I am in no hurry. I could wait for

years before taking one step or speaking to any one. On the other hand, I would set to work tomorrow, were the Lord to bid me. This calmness of mind, having no will of my own, only wishing to please my Heavenly Father, only seeking His honor, is the fullest assurance that my heart is not under fleshly excitement, and I shall know the will of God to the full."

I cannot do better than let George Muller tell his own story. I quote from his annual report made in 1895, the year we were there:

Years before I founded this institution, I saw clearly, that the Church of God at large needed nothing so much as an increase of faith; and that, through the lack of this, in the family, in the business, in the profession, in the labor of the Lord, in church position, etc., all sorts of means were employed by very many children of God, which tended not to the glory of God. This led me to consider, what I, as a servant of God, could do to lend a helping hand to such of His children, who are weak in faith, that they might be led to forsake those worldly ways and means, in which they were walking and which they were using, in order that God might be honored by them.

It was this, which led to the founding of this institution, and especially the orphan work, so that by means of it, the power of faith and prayer might be seen by the children of God, and that it might be manifest. God, the living God, is as ready to listen to the prayers of His children in the nineteenth century, as He was two thousand years before the birth of the Lord Jesus; and that, by recording in print these answers to prayer, such children of God, whose faith is weak, might have their faith increased, by reading about such answers to prayer, and that even the unbelievers might be led to see the reality of the things of God. The institution has now been in existence above sixty-one years, and God has been pleased to use it in this way, beyond my largest

expectations; for tens of thousands have been benefited by it, which I know from numberless letters which I have received within the past sixty years, and through personal intercourse with many thousands of persons on my preaching and missionary tours, in forty-two countries in Europe, America, Asia, Africa, and in the six Australian Colonies, within the space of more than seventeen years. Will, therefore, the reader seek to remember that *every* donation, referred to in this report, is received as a *direct* answer to prayer; for, more than sixty years now, not a single individual has been asked by me or my fellow laborers for anything; but God alone has been honored in this way. To Him, and to Him alone, we go in all our trials and difficulties, and Him alone we entreat to help us in all our pecuniary necessities, and page four tells the reader what He has given us in answer to prayer, even £1,373,348 sterling: or over six and one-half million dollars.

His estimate of the Bible is shown by the following from the pen of this remarkable man:

The vigor of our spiritual life will be in exact proportion to the place held by the word in our life and thoughts. I can solemnly state this from my own experience of fifty-four years. Though engaged in the ministry of the word, I neglected for four years the consecutive reading of the Bible. I was a babe in knowledge and in grace. I made no progress; I neglected God's own appointed means for nourishing the divine life; but I was led to see that the Holy Spirit is the instructor, and the word the medium by which he teaches. Spending three hours on my knees, I made such progress that I learned more in those hours than in years before. In July, 1829, I began this plan of reading from the Old and New Testaments. I have read, since then, the Bible through one hundred times, and each time with increasing delight. When I begin it afresh, it always seems like a new book. I can not tell how great has been the blessing from consecu-

tive, daily study. I look upon it as a lost day when I have not had a good time over the word of God.

Friends often say to me, "Oh, I have so much to do, so many people to see, I can not find time for Scripture study." There are not many who have had more to do than I have had. For more than half a century I have never known a day when I have not had more business than I could get through with. For forty years I have had annually about thirty thousand letters, and most of them have passed through my own hands. I have nine assistants always at work corresponding in German, French, Italian, Russian, and other languages. A pastor of a church with twelve hundred believers, great has been my care; and besides these, the charge of five immense orphanages, a vast work; and also my publishing depot, the printing and circulating of millions of tracts and books; but I have always made it a rule never to begin work till I have had a good season with God, and then I throw myself with all my heart into His work for the day, with only a few minutes' intervals for prayer.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Washington Irving says of Newstead Abbey: "It is one of the finest specimens in existence, of those quaint and romantic piles, half castle, half convent, which remain as monuments of the olden times of England. It stands, too, in the midst of a legendary neighborhood, being in the heart of Sherwood Forest, and surrounded by the haunts of Robin Hood, and his band of outlaws, so famous in ancient ballad and nursery tales."

We were the guests of a Friend in Mansfield, who took us a drive of six miles to visit this historic place.

A porter with powdered hair, was our escort, and showed us through the Abbey. There were many relics and curios—Byron's portrait, his table, cap, coat, boxing gloves; a section of a tree, with the name "Byron" and that of his sister, "Augusta," carved in the bark by the poet's own hand, is carefully preserved and shown to visitors. The value placed upon this interesting relic is shown by the fact that an offer of one thousand pounds sterling was offered for it by the celebrated P. T. Barnum, but was not accepted.

There was also costly tapestry belonging to the Byron family, and many things belonging to the present owner, Col. Webb, including costly furniture, cabinets, vases, etc., brought from foreign countries; also a large collection of birds, animals (stuffed), bones and horns. There was a large stuffed lion which Col. Webb killed while in Africa with Dr. Livingstone.

Both Livingstone and H. M. Stanley wrote portions of their African explorations in this Abbey, and there is one of the rooms called "The Livingstone Room," and on its wall hangs a very good portrait of the great explorer.

The grounds are most beautiful, embracing forest, lawns, gardens, lakes, waterfalls, and winding paths. The estate is said to contain 4,000 acres.

At one time there were over 2,000 head of wild

deer in Sherwood Forest, but now no game more valuable than pheasants and foxes.

This estate descended to Lord Byron from his ancestors, to whom it was given by Henry VIII, and after him other sovereigns, in consideration of special services. The oak tree, planted by young Byron on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, is still standing, and has now attained a goodly size, and is known as "The Byron Oak."

I have from boyhood, been an admirer of Byron's *poetic genius*, though I could not say so much concerning him *as a man*. But his genius was certainly of the highest order. "He touched his harp and nations heard entranced." McCauley says concerning him: "From maniac laughter, to piercing lamentation, there was not a note of human anguish of which he was not master." To tread the halls that he used to tread; to roam through the same gardens where he used to stroll; to view "the hills of Annesley, bleak and barren;" to look on the scene of His "Dream" where he saw two beings in the hues of youth, standing upon a hill, a gentle hill"—all this makes some of his poems doubly interesting.

He sold his estate, and, touched with sympathy for the Greeks in their struggle for independence, he went to their aid, but soon died at Missolonghi, in his thirty-seventh year. I was told when in England,

that the Greeks claimed his heart, and buried it in their own soil, while his body was sent to England.

In the garden adjacent to the Abbey, there is a large stone monument which the poet had erected over his favorite New Foundland dog. On this is engraved a verse of twenty-six lines, written on the death of this faithful animal.

By a will which Byron wrote in 1811, he directed that his own body should be buried in a vault in the garden near the spot where his dog was buried. This stipulation, however, was not complied with. His remains were laid to rest in Hucknall Torkard Churchyard, the burial place of the Byron family. This is not far from Newstead Abbey.

Lord Byron was unfortunate in his marriage, and a separation was the result before they had lived together long. He had one child by this marriage—a daughter, named Ada, who died in 1857, and was buried by the side of her father.

After his separation from his wife, he left England, and traveled extensively. We learned when over there, that many who knew something of Byron's married life, believed that the blame was not altogether with him;—that others had to do in matters that resulted in his wife's alienation. He was possessed of a very haughty spirit, and regarding himself as unjustly maligned, he was somewhat resentful. He

said in one of his letters: "If all that is said of me is true, I am not good enough for England; if it is false; England is not good enough for me."

His first "love" seems to have been a Miss Chaworth, whose home was near Newstead. Though she did not fully reciprocate his attentions, yet he never seemed able to free himself from a fond memory of their early intimacy. This is pathetically manifest in his poem entitled "The Dream."

The poem written on the thirty-sixth anniversary of his birth, only a few months before his death, contains this stanza:

My life is in the yellow leaf,
The flower and fruits of life are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

In our admiration of his poetic genius, we can not be blind to his folly, and have a feeling of pity mingled with sadness, as we read the foregoing stanza, so like a prophetic epitaph!

WISBECH.

Wisbech is noted as the birthplace of Thomas Clarkson, the philanthropist. The town has erected a monument to his memory. In the small burying ground adjacent to the Friends meeting house, is to be seen the grave of Jane Stuart, daughter of James

II. The king was a Catholic, but his wife, Jane's mother, was a Protestant. The young princess was brought up at court, but in early life (probably about 1690) she left court, and by conviction, joined Friends Church. She resided and died in Wisbech at the age of 88.

Jane Stuart was, of course, half sister to Queen Mary, and Queen Ann. She supported herself by her own hands, and, on conscientious grounds, refused the solicitations of her friends to return to court. She died in the faith of the Friends, and in good standing among them.

On reading this sketch, one is reminded of Moses' choice, in "refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter."

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

We went to visit the Friends on this island, in the English Channel a few miles from Southampton. There is a small meeting here, which was under the care of a Friend sent under the auspices of the London committee (practically a pastor). We held a short series of meetings among the Friends resident there. My wife held some "Mothers' Meetings."

I made a visit to Carrisbrooke Castle, which is near the town of Newport, where we were holding meetings. It is said a fortress was here before the Roman occupation. It is certain that Carrisbrooke was built,

and fortified, in the time of the Emperor Claudius, 43 A. D. It has an outer and an inner wall, each surrounded by a moat. It was here Charles I was imprisoned prior to his execution. The window was shown me where the king made his unsuccessful attempt to escape.

A son and daughter of King Charles were also confined in the castle at the same time as their father. The latter, Princess Elizabeth, whose health was feeble, died in one of the rooms at the age of 14. She died alone, and was found lying with her head resting upon an open Bible. The room is still shown to visitors. Queen Victoria, as a token of respect, has caused a tomb to be placed in a small chapel in Newport, where the body of the young princess lies buried under the chancel. On the top of this tomb is the recumbent figure of white marble, of the girl lying pillowed on her Bible, as she was found.

I was shown the original well from which water was drawn to supply the garrison, the failing of which caused the surrender of the Castle to King Stephen in 1150. Another well was sunk in another part of the Castle grounds to a depth of 150 feet. From this, good, cold water is now drawn by a donkey working upon a tread wheel.

The Isle of Wight is an irregular diamond shaped island, about 23 miles from east to west, and 13 north

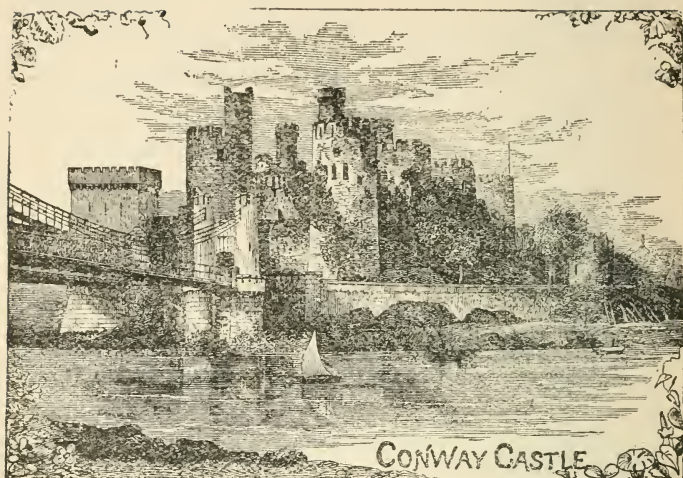
to south. It is in some parts, highly productive. The population at the time of our visit, was not far from 80,000. It has several towns, of which Newport—population, 10,000—is the principal one. The island is noted as the place where Queen Victoria had her winter residence. It is called “The Osborne.”

WALES.

There are a few meetings of Friends in Wales, a number of which we visited. The Welsh, like the Irish, are naturally a warm-hearted people, and there was much openness where we visited, to receive our Gospel messages.

In point of natural scenery, the country is mountainous, wild and romantic. In addition to these mountain fastnesses, affording a means of defense against their enemies, the Welsh in feudal times built a number of strong castles. One of the largest is that of Conway, a description of which is subjoined:

The ancient towers of Conway Castle, as they look down on the suspension and tubular bridges beneath, suggest a strange conflict of centuries. Yet each has a majesty of its own. Here on a solid slaty rock, washed by the wide-spread tidal river, the Briton, it is believed, piled his fastness; here the Roman came and took up his abode; and here at length, in 1282, Edward I erected his noble fortress, and girdled the town



around with lofty walls, a mile in length, strengthened by twenty-four round towers, and pierced with four military gates. The walls of the Castle are from 12 to 15 feet in thickness, and embattled; above them arose eight large and massive towers, and above each of these a slender turret. The chief entrance was from the town by a drawbridge, over a very deep moat, and through a portcullised gateway that led to the large court. This, on the south side, contained the stately hall, 130 feet long, 32 feet wide, and 30 high, lighted by nine windows. At the east end of this court was the reservoir, fed through pipes that ran for a distance of a quarter of mile. From the east end of the great

court the King's Tower and the Queen's might be reached, and from these commanding views may be enjoyed, over hill and dale, river and sea. The Castle was erected to guard against the fiery insurrections and incursions of Llewellyn. In the Civil War it was held by Archbishop Williams for the King, but eventually was surrendered to the Parliament. In 1665 the iron, timber and lead were removed to Ireland, under pretence that they were for the service of the King. Time completed the desolation, and left the beautiful ruin that remains. The Suspension Bridge was opened in 1826; and the Tubular Bridge for the railway in 1848.

Here also, is one of the finest suspension bridges in the world, and a tubular railway bridge. A larger tubular bridge spans the Menai Strait, which separates Anglesey from North Wales. Near the center of this Strait is a rock, called the Britannia Rock, the surface of which is about ten feet above low-water level, on which is built a tower two hundred feet above high water, on which rest two lines of tubes, or hollow girders strong enough to bear their weight, and laden trains in addition, the ends resting on abutments at each shore, each tube being more than a quarter of a mile in length. The height of the tube within, is thirty feet at the Britannia Tower, diminishing to twenty-three feet at the abutments. The lifting

of these tubes to their places was regarded as one of the most gigantic operations ever successfully performed. The first locomotive passed through it in 1850.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME PLACES OF INTEREST TO FRIENDS.

ONE of the spots of historic interest to the members of the Friends Church, is that known by the name of *The Jordans*. It is a country place where is a small meeting house, and burial ground, where William Penn, Thomas Elwood, and Isaac Pennington used to worship. Here, they, with their wives, were buried. Their graves are marked by stone slabs about three feet high.

There are no Friends near this place, and the house is used once a year by Friends from other places going there to hold Monthly Meeting, and occasionally appointing a meeting there. Besides the Monthly Meeting the day we were there, we had a public meeting in the afternoon, which was attended by a number of the citizens of the neighborhood.

The house is not large: is covered with tile, and the floor is of brick. It has a living room, a kitchen for cooking, and sleeping apartments attached; also a place on one side formerly used for Friends' horses. The sleeping apartments are over this. One is led to wonder how it was that ministers of such fame as

William Penn and Isaac Pennington, did not draw larger congregations than could be accommodated in this small house.

SWARTHMORE.

Another place of special interest to Friends, is Swarthmore. Judge Fell, whose widow George Fox married, had his residence here. His house is known as Swarthmore Hall. It is a large house, with thick walls; heavy beams, and oak pannels in some of the rooms all round the walls, and elaborate carving on the mantel of oak. There is a large fire-place with its crane.

George Fox was often a guest here in Judge Fell's lifetime; and this was his home after his marriage to Margaret Fell, when he was not in prison, or engaged in his Gospel journeys. We were shown the window where he used to stand when preaching to people gathered in the yard.

A quarter of a mile from this, is Swarthmore Meeting House, known as the place where George Fox's Bible is chained to the desk. It is kept in a case covered with glass. The date of printing is 1541.

On a stone over the door are the words, "Ex Dono. G. F." (The gift of George Fox). The date on the house is 1688. Hence, while it was built by his means, it is probable he never worshiped in it, as he was in

the south of England at about that date, and died in London in 1691.

There is in Swarthmore Meeting House a small room, in which are some relics, one is an oaken chest, said to be the one George Fox took with him to America. It is about the size of a large Saratoga trunk.

There is a graveyard adjoining the meeting house, but no very ancient graves in it. About a half mile away is one much older, in which is a large stone on which is a record of the fact that many Friends are buried there, amongst others, is the name of Margaret Fox. The meeting house is still used for meetings, though only a small number of Friends reside in that locality. A book is kept there for visitors to register their names. I saw familiar names of Friends from America.

NORWICH.

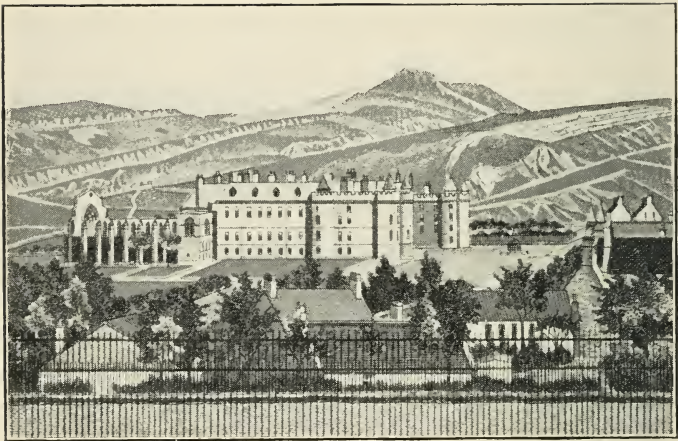
The city of Norwich was the home of the Gurneys. As many of them were prominent members of Friends Church, especially Joseph John Gurney, and his sister, Elizabeth Fry, Friends regard it with more than common interest. In the heart of the city is Gildencroft Meeting House, a large, rather unique structure, which was formerly their place of worship. Now, however, they have in a better part of the city, a more

modern one, where Friends attend for their regular meetings for worship, and the other one is used for mission meetings and adult schools. In this we had, by appointment, a large meeting of the laboring classes. Our meeting was announced by a bell ringer, who passed up and down the street, ringing his bell, and crying aloud: "Luke Woodard, from America, has a meeting here tonight."

In the graveyard adjoining the old meeting house, are many headstones on which appear the names of the Gurneys.

Earlham Hall, the residence of Joseph John Gurney, is about three miles from Norwich. It is a large, plain brick house, with tile roof, and stands some two hundred yards back from the road, surrounded by many trees. The grounds are beautiful, but have not been kept in the style of neatness, which one would suppose J. J. Gurney kept them. Many of the large trees had been prostrated by a recent storm, reminding one of the low-lying of him who used to walk beneath their shade. J. J. G. died in 1847, in his fifty-ninth year.

Norwich is one of the oldest cities in England, and has a population of 100,000. There is a large castle in the city, which, though very ancient, is well preserved. It was once used as a jail, in which many of our early Friends were imprisoned. Among many



HOLY ROOD PALACE.

other relics, and specimens of various kinds preserved in this castle, we were shown some old Monthly Meeting records of the early Friends, showing that on account of so many of them being in prison, in 1683, they held their Monthly Meeting in the prison.

EDINBURG.

This city is the Athens of Great Britain, being one of the most picturesque and beautiful. It has a population of 250,000, and, like Rome, sits on seven hills. It was the home of John Knox. His house, the church where he used to preach, and the place where he was buried, were shown us. He was buried in the street near the church, and his grave is marked by a plain stone lying even with the pavement with his name engraved on it.

Holy Rood Palace is in this city. It was here several of the kings and queens were crowned, in the Chapel Royal now in a ruined condition. Here Mary Queen of Scots was married to the unworthy Lord Darnley. In the vault near the chapel, several of the sovereigns were buried. The other portions of the Palace are well preserved. There is Charles II's bed room, with bed still made up; Queen Mary's bed room, with bed all made up with its tapestry; also her furniture, her dressing room, her supping room, where,

in her presence, Riccio (or Rizzio), her secretary and musician, was assassinated at the instigation of her jealous husband—Lord Darnley.

Edinburg Castle stands on a natural elevation of about 300 feet. It is used as a fortification and garrison for soldiers.

In one of the streets of Edinburg there is a life-size figure of a small dog of cast iron, placed at a fountain, the water pouring out of his mouth. This was erected by the city to commemorate the history of "little Bobbie," a small dog that came to the city with a stranger, who died some years ago in one of the hotels. This dog was the only mourner that followed the body to the grave. The faithful animal laid on his master's grave for eight years, leaving regularly at one o'clock each day, and going to the butcher's for his bone, when the gun announcing the hour, was fired on the ramparts of the Castle (a custom which has been kept up from time immemorial). A law was passed by the city council, that all dogs should be taxed; or, if not taxed, should be killed. Bobbie had no master to pay tax for him, but as he had become a public character, a Mr. Chambers, at that time city marshal, said Bobbie should not be killed, and paid the tax out of the city funds. At the end of eight years, the sexton of the cemetery, Gray Friars, took the faithful animal under his care, where he spent the re-

maining two years of his life, when he died and was buried by his master. This story was authenticated to us by our hostess, Eliza Wigham, who said she had often seen Bobbie.

We attended the General Meeting of Friends of Scotland, which was held in Edinburg. The local meeting in that city is very small, sometimes the attendance not being more than two or three; indeed our Friend, Eliza Wigham, a minister, said she had at times been the only one in attendance.

Edinburg has honored Scotland's two famous poets, Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns, with imposing monuments.

In our journey from Edinburg to Dundee, we crossed the Frith of Forth, on the wonderful railroad bridge, two and one-half miles in length, which spans this Frith, also another long bridge over the Tay. Dundee is one of the principal cities of Scotland, having a population of 250,000. There is a Friends meeting in the city, but the membership is small, and there is no resident minister. We held a short series of meetings there.

We went from Dundee to Aberdeen, in the north-east of Scotland, where we were entertained by S. C., a daughter of the late John Bright. Friends meeting in that city, once the home of the eminent Robert

Barclay, is very small. We attended it on Sabbath morning—a lovely day—there were but eighteen in attendance, besides a few children. There was no resident minister belonging to the meeting.

At six o'clock p. m., we had a meeting in the same house for the public, which was attended by about two hundred. There was great openness in proclaiming the way of salvation through a crucified and risen Savior. Many seemed to be sensibly affected. It was evident if Friends could have adapted themselves to existing conditions, in a right sense "being made all things to all men," there could have been built up a strong meeting.

Aberdeen is a beautiful city, built entirely of granite, having a population of 150,000. Union Street, broad and straight, the principal street, is the one up which "Barclay the Laird of Ury" (see Whittier's poems), rode to prison surrounded by a howling mob.

Three large statues are to be seen—one of William Wallace, one of Robert Burns, and a third of Prince Albert. Wallace championed the independence of Scotland, against Edward, King of England, in the thirteenth century, and was finally defeated and taken to England, and executed at Smithfield in 1305. The city is well supplied with churches, and institutions of learning, among the latter is the large university.

Aberdeen is so far north, that at the time we were

there—midsummer—there was twilight during the entire night, yet the climate is greatly modified by warm ocean currents.

Our next stopping place was Glasgow, the second city of Great Britain, population over 600,000. The largest meeting of Friends in Scotland is here, having a membership (in 1895) of 140, more than all the other nine meetings in Scotland combined.

The natural scenery of Scotland is very romantic. Especially is this true of the lake region. We took a delightful boat ride the entire length of Loch Long to the head of the lake, thence by stage to Ben Lomond, a mountain, on the shore of Loch Lomond. The scenery reminded us of Lake George in northern New York. We found the Scotch to be very hospitable and warm hearted.

CHAPTER XV.

IRELAND.

THE early history of Ireland is involved in mystery. It is said to have been colonized by the Phœnecians; some assert that it was settled in 2048 B. C., or about the time of Abraham. It has been the scene of many bloody conflicts, and its history has been marked by many foreign invasions, and internal agitations, and political changes.

St. Patrick, Ireland's patron saint, arrived about 432 A. D. This island had Christianity before it was known in England, and Christian missionaries went thence to Great Britain. As I have previously spoken of our Gospel labors in Ireland, I propose to devote a few pages to some of its natural features, and places of interest.

The natural scenery to be found in parts of the Emerald Isle, according to the testimony of travelers who have visited many lands, is unsurpassed for beauty and romantic loveliness, by that of any other spot. This is especially true of the southwest of Ireland, where are located the Lakes of Killarney. By the kindness of Lydia Pike, a wealthy Friend of Cork, we were privileged to spend ten days in this region. This

favor was unexpected, and greatly appreciated, as it was near the close of our twelve months' continuous labors in the British Isles, when we began to feel the need of rest. We were the guests of S. H. N. in Cork, the middle of April, 1896, when one morning before we arose, my wife said to me: "I would give almost anything, if we could get away from company for a time of absolute rest." On going down stairs, we found lying on the table a letter, addressed to us from the lady above named, proposing to make us her guests for ten days at Killarney, with unrestricted privilege of railroad fare, hotel lodging, and carriage and boat hire, for the expense of which she would be responsible. We regarded this as a providential favor from Him who once said to His weary disciples: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." As we had finished our labors in Ireland, except the attendance of the Yearly Meeting at Dublin, which was not to convene for nearly two weeks, there was nothing to hinder us from accepting the kind proposal of our friend. It was just in the opening of spring, when nature was arraying herself in her loveliest habiliments. While this is a favorite resort, yet it was a little too early for the touring season, and the only guests at our hotel, besides ourselves, was a young couple from Scarborough, England, who were there on their wedding tour. We found

their company to be very congenial. We thus had the most favorable opportunity for rest and recuperation.

I can not better describe some of the scenes, than by quoting from others who have visited this lovely region.

"The southwestern part of Kerry," writes Lord Macauley, "is well known as the most beautiful tract in the British Isles. The mountains, the glens, the capes stretching far into the Atlantic, the crags on which the eagles build, the rivulets traveling down the rocky passes, the lakes overhung by groves, in which the wild deer find coverts, attract every summer crowds of wanderers, sated with the business and pleasures of great cities."

"I have traveled a great deal," says the Earl of Zetland, "I have traveled through Italy and Switzerland, and I can conscientiously say I never in my travels looked upon more beautiful scenery than I have done during my extensive tour throughout the southwest of Ireland."

"I challenge the British Empire," says another traveler, "to show such a harbor as Bantry Bay, or such fine land or sea scenery."

"Were such a bay," writes Thackeray, "lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder; perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean, or the Baltic, English travelers would flock to it in hundreds."

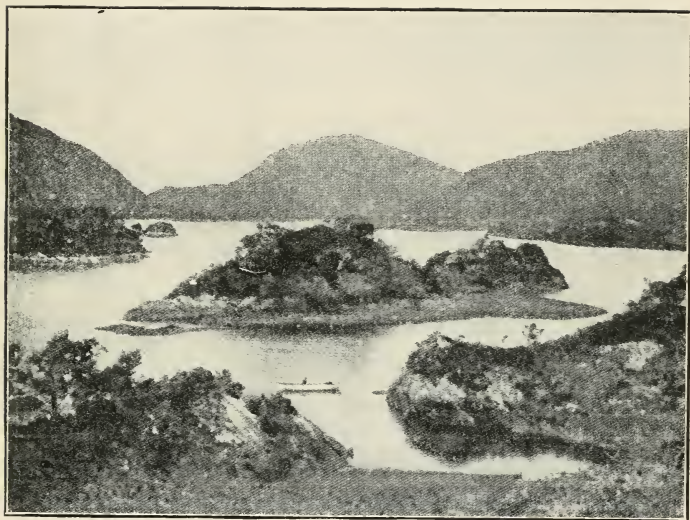
We improved the opportunity of seeing the different parts of this picturesque region. At one time we were taken in an Irish car (a two-wheeled conveyance), a nine-mile drive, over hills, through glens, through forest, and along the roads skirting the lakes. At one point we came in full view of "The Devil's Punch Bowl," a mountain on which was a basin filled with water. Our Irish driver said "the devil goes down through this lake, and under the sea to different countries," he added, "he is gone to Australia now." I replied, "I think he is in America." "No, faith," said he, "he is too sharp for that."

The gate to Lord Kenmare's Demesne was just opposite our hotel. Over this we repeatedly strolled. The grounds were beautiful, combining lawn, groves, mountains, lakes, and islands. Just at that season, everything was in its loveliest garb. There was the myrtle, and the arbutus; the holly and the ivy, with their glossy varnish; and the red berries peeping through the foliage of deep green, and the turf of the liveliest hue; wild flowers in profusion, some of them of varieties new to us; there were the stately, wide-spreading oak, ash, elm and beech, on the branches of which the wild birds were perched, cheering us with their songs. In the moss which covers the trunks and larger branches of the trees, one species of fern was growing luxuriantly. Our hearts overflowed with

gratitude as we enjoyed these delightful walks, and we conversed together of the goodness of God in so many ways displayed, counting it among the richest temporal blessings that we were spared to each other for so many years. In this Demesne is the Muckcross Abbey, a beautiful ruin, founded for Franciscan monks in 1440. The building consists of two parts—the convent and the church. The church is about one hundred feet in length, and consists of a nave and a transept. In the center where the transept intersects, there rises a strong square tower. On the opposite side is a doorway, which leads to the cloisters, which are the chief beauty of the place, and are in the form of a piazza surrounding a dark courtyard, over the center of which a solemn and magnificent yew tree, thirteen feet in circumference, spreads its great branches. Muckcross means in Irish, “the pleasant place of wild swine.”

This Demesne is considered by some to be the finest in respect to scenery, of any in the kingdom. “Nowhere else,” says one writer, “is there such an assemblage of magnificent features, noble mountains, glittering lakes, stately trees, verdant shrubberies, lovely meadows, venerable ruins, beautiful flowers, countless birds.”

There are many islands in the Lakes of Killarney. Boatman rowed us to several of these. I can mention only briefly these excursions.



LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

One of the most beautiful is Dinnis Island. It has an area of thirty-four acres, is well wooded, and seems to be semi-tropical, for there we saw tropical plants and trees growing unprotected. There were magnolias in full bloom; high hedge rows of rhododendrons, and fuschias like little trees.

Another visit was to the Innisfallen Island. This has been called "the gem of Killarney." Here are hill and dell; sunny glades, skirted by beautiful underwood, bowers and thickets, rocks and old ruins, everything that nature can supply to adorn this counterpart of the garden of Eden. It comprises about twenty-one acres. The poetry of Moore has thrown a charm over its beauty—

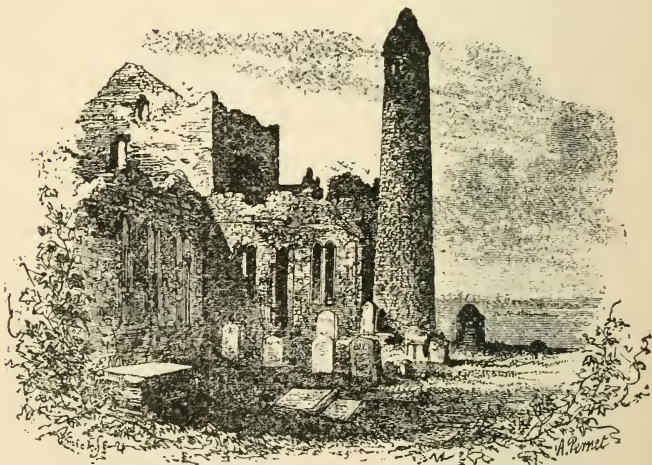
Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy Isle.

Innisfallen Abbey, once a place of great extent judging from the ruins, was founded in the seventh century.

We took a drive through Lord Kenmare's Demesne, to Ross Castle. It was the royal residence of the lords of the lakes, who assumed the name of kings. It was in a state of ruin, and its walls were covered with ivy. It is said it was the last to surrender to Cromwell.

Lord Kenmare's grounds are beautiful, and he has a splendid palace.

Kildare, about thirty miles from Dublin, is noted for the associations that cluster around it. There is an ancient abbey church. It was here that St. Brigid, the daughter of an Irish chieftain, established a convent in 484 A. D., and in commemoration of her vow of celibacy preserved the old pagan custom of maintaining a sacred fire—"the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane." This fire was kept burning without intermission, until the thirteenth century, when it was extinguished by the then Archbishop of Dublin. It was relighted almost immediately, and maintained until the Reformation. The remains of "The Fire House" are still to be seen in the cathedral church yard.



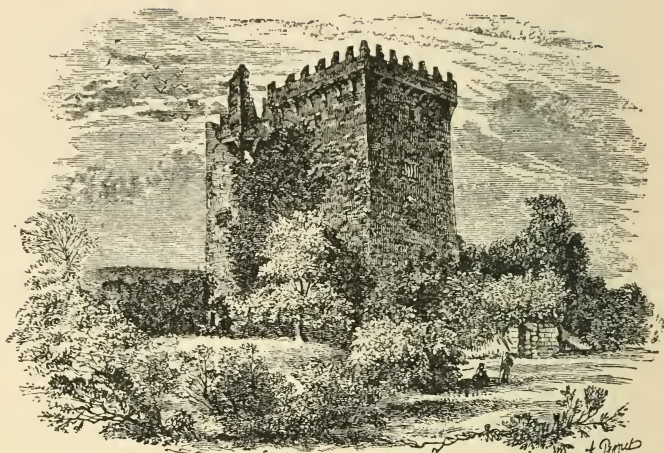
RUINS OF IRISH CASTLE AND ROUND TOWER.

Here, also, is one of the many round towers to be seen here and there, in Ireland. This one is 110 feet high, and is one of the loftiest. It can be ascended on the inside by a series of ladders. The origin and object of these towers remain as secrets. Sir John Forbes, speaking of them, says: "They have existed for more than 1000 years and may be twice, or thrice as old." They are lofty, slender shafts, shooting up into the sky, and inspire a feeling of admiration, mingled with curiosity as you gaze upon them.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

Mention should be made of Blarney Castle, which is not far from Cork. It is one of the strongest in the province. It stands on limestone rock. The massive tower rises 120 feet in height. It is ascended by a winding stairway made of stone slabs, and underneath the castle, are subterranean passages cut through the limestone. The famous Blarney Stone is placed near the top, and is inscribed with the Latin phrase, "Cormack MacCarthy, fortis me fieri fecit. A. D. 1446."

"Blarney" means soft, wheedling speeches to gain some end. MacCarthy held the Castle in 1602, and concluded an armistice with Carew, the Lord President, on condition of surrendering the fort to the English garrison. Day after day, his lordship looked for

*Blarney Castle*

the fulfillment of the terms, but received nothing but protocols and soft speeches, until he became the laughing stock of Elizabeth's ministers, and the dupe of the lord of Blarney. Hence originated the word "blarney," with its definition as given above. According to Irish superstition, "to kiss the Blarney Stone," guarantees the accomplishment of one's wishes.

When, after our arrival in Dublin, we were introduced to a venerable, accomplished elderly Irish lady, a Friend, she turned to me after being introduced to my wife, and with a mischievous air, said: "Thou must have kissed the Blarney Stone."

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

One of the natural curiosities of Ireland is the Giant's Causeway, found on the north coast. It might be termed Nature's masonry. It consists of thousands upon thousands of basaltic stones, from a foot to a yard in length, and in diameter from 15 to 26 inches, some four-sided, and others five or six-sided, and smooth as if dressed by a sculptor's chisel, standing end to end close together. The cliffs extend along the coast for three and one-half miles, rising above the sea from 140 to 360 feet. In other places, for many rods square, they extend as a pavement upon which you can walk and over which, in high tide, the waters of the ocean flow. It derives its name from a tradition that it was formed by giants, as a road across the channel to Scotland. I have been told that there is only one other similar geological formation known, and that is somewhere in the antarctic regions.

ENNISCORTHY.

Enniscorthy was one of the points where Friends suffered much during the Irish rebellion in 1798-9. A family of Friends by the name of Goff, resided here, whose house was often entered by the rebels, demanding food, and other things. Horses and cattle were seized, and taken without compensation. The Goffs

were conscientiously opposed to war, and patiently suffered the ill treatment. The closing battle was fought on Vinegar Hill, near Enniscorthy, when the rebels were routed, and the rebellion quelled. Friends Quarterly Meeting was held here just after the battle, and in driving to meeting the Friends had to get out of their carriages to remove the bodies of the dead, to enable them to pass. David Sands, of New York, was in attendance at this Quarterly Meeting.

Though there were many, both Protestant and Catholic, cruelly massacred during this rebellion, and Friends were subjected to much loss of property and cruel treatment, yet of the whole number of Quakers residing in different parts of Ireland, two only lost their lives, both of whom had shown themselves unfaithful to the principles of peace.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DARKER SIDE OF IRELAND.

I HAVE hitherto considered some of the natural features of Ireland, together with its old castles and abbeys. This picture exhibits the pleasing side. The social and political conditions present another phase. While, with the exception of the lack of coal and mineral ores, Ireland, naturally considered, is one of the finest of countries, its social conditions present the greatest contrasts. A broad chasm separates the upper and lower classes—the rich and the poor. The curse of Ireland is landlordism, and Catholicism. The latter grinds the face of the poor by the exactions of the priests, and keeps them in ignorance; the former, oppresses them by exorbitant rents. It is said one-third of the land is owned by 292 landlords. Although we did not see Goldsmith's Deserted Village,—

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visits paid,
And smiling Summer's lingering bloom delayed—

Yet we saw much that reminded us of conditions described by other lines of the same poem—

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;—
 Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made,
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

* * * * *

Ye friends of truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand,
 Between a splendid, and a happy land.

* * * * *

* * * The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied:—
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds.
 The robes that wrap his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies
 For all the luxuries the world supplies,
 While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

Gladstone championed the cause of Ireland, and labored to secure "Home Rule." While he did not succeed in this, he was instrumental in bringing about legislation that was of signal benefit to the tenants. John Bright, and Friends generally, did not favor Gladstone's "Home Rule" scheme, not that they were not favorable to the amelioration of the condition of the poor, but because, as they said, home rule would mean Catholic rule.

Following the famine of 1845, in consequence of the failure of the potato crop, philanthropists who had generously aided the starving poor, formed an "Emigration Aid Society," supplying funds to enable such as wished to seek homes in other countries, to emigrate. As a result large numbers emigrated to the American Continent and Australia; thus the congested condition of Ireland's population was relieved. It is less now than it was prior to the famine.

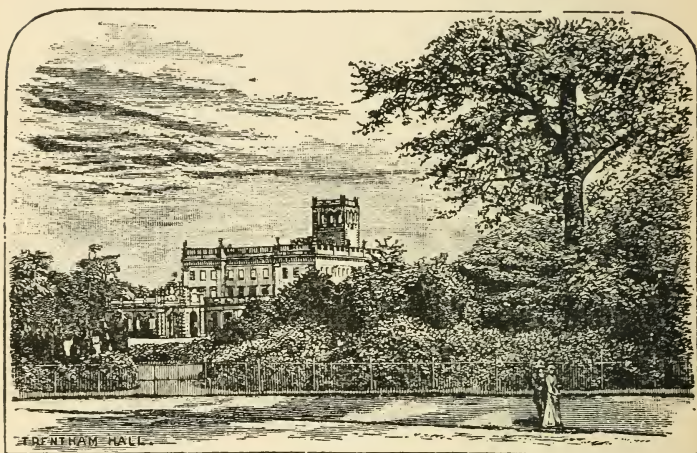
While Catholicism does not prevail in other parts of the British Isles, as in Ireland, yet similar conditions in regard to the ownership of the land, exist in both England and Scotland.

The total wealth of Great Britain is estimated to be \$43,600,000,000, about \$1,245 to every man, woman and child. This is said to be \$300 more than such a division in the United States would produce.

In Great Britain one out of thirty-six is registered as a pauper. With one-tenth of the population of Great Britain engaged in agriculture, one-fifth of the area of England is held by 523 proprietors; one-fourth of that of Scotland, is held by twelve (12).

It must not however, be supposed that all the landlords in these several countries are heartless oppressors of the poor. Such a thought would be a great injustice to many of the wealthy class. The large estates have come to their owners by inheritance,

and many of them use their wealth in giving employment in factories and different industrial lines, to dependent classes.



PALACE OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

Even the Duke of Sutherland, whose splendid palace we visited, is said to be very philanthropic, giving aid to the needy, with a liberal hand; the Duchess is a zealous worker in the cause of temperance, working side by side with Lady Henry Somerset. While the Duke is somewhat of a sportsman, keeping two hundred hounds, yet we should not allow this fact to cause us to be blind to his generosity.

Some wealthy Friends, in both Great Britain and Ireland, are noble examples of generosity. The late Lydia Pike, of Cork, of whom I have previously made mention, and concerning whom a Friend of the same meeting remarked to us incidentally, "She is able to buy the Pennsylvania Railroad," was an example of liberality. She had a large estate, extensive gardens, and several greenhouses, and gave employment to a number of tenants. She built a chapel on her own grounds, and gave of her means to secure ministers to hold Sabbath services for the families of her tenants, and others in the community.

When the poor children would see her carriage starting for a drive, they would hasten to the roadside, expecting some token of recognition in the way of a flower or cookie or fruit, and she did not disappoint them. The sick in the neighborhood were remembered in a similar way. Of this we were witnesses when she took us a drive in her carriage.

The same characteristic benevolence was exhibited by other wealthy Friends. In this list I would include the Richardsons. The late John Grubb Richardson, a wealthy linen manufacturer, founded the town of Bessbrook, Ireland, incorporating it with the stipulation that no intoxicants should ever be sold within its limits. He gave employment to a large proportion of its inhabitants. The population when we were there

was, if I remember correctly, 5,000. His widow, Jane M. Richardson, was still living, and carrying on the business. She also was conspicuous for deeds of kindness, and liberality, in the cause of home and foreign missions. A Quarterly Meeting which we attended was held near her home, when she supplied at her own expense, dinner for most of the Friends in attendance. I think there were not less than two hundred, which were seated in a hall she had built for Gospel mission meetings. She was a minister, sound in the faith, and unostentatious in her bearing. I will also mention some English Friends of like character—such as Joseph Storrs Fry, and the Rountrees, extensive cocoa manufacturers. There were also George and Richard Cadbury, whose cocoa works we visited. The brothers employed fifteen hundred women and girls, and three hundred men. They had built a large hall in connection with their works, where, each morning, their employees were assembled for Scripture reading and prayer. They had also built five chapels in different localities for the benefit of the laboring classes, and devoted themselves personally to religious work. It was their habit to rise earlier on Sabbath morning than on any other, devoting the day to public Christian work.

I would not be understood to imply that only wealthy Friends in Great Britain and Ireland, are active workers in missions at home and abroad. Friends

of various ages and different stations in life, are devoting both time and means, in behalf of those who are in need of Spiritual and temporal aid. Friends of London Yearly Meeting contribute more in proportion to their membership, than those of any other. When we were in attendance, the amount they gave to foreign missions was an average of five dollars for each member—man, woman and child—for one year.

Besides what they do in foreign mission work, they are doing much at home in adult schools, Sabbath schools for children, and older persons; mission meetings for men, mothers' meetings in which they teach needle work, and, where it is needful, they teach reading and writing, in addition to instruction in the Scriptures. In and around Birmingham alone, Friends have in this way, about four thousand under their care, and in the limits of the Yearly Meeting, about forty thousand. In this work a large number of young Friends are engaged together with persons of middle age, and some of more advanced years. While there is more of class distinction on social lines among English Friends than we find among Friends in our own country, yet the members of London Yearly Meeting greatly outstrip us in efforts in behalf of the lower classes of society. And this applies to many persons who otherwise have much business on their hands. I have already instanced the Cadburys. And where is

there a busier man than Henry Stanley Newman? Editor of *The London Friend*, author of several books, minister of the Gospel, in which capacity he has traveled extensively; frequently engaged in committee work, yet he has much to do with the management of the "Leominster Orphans' Home," established to care for orphan children; is an enthusiastic promoter of foreign missions, and equally devoted to adult schools, Sabbath schools, and the various lines of home mission work.

If Irish Friends have, in proportion fewer under their care in home missions, and Sabbath schools, than English Friends have, it must not be attributed to a lack of interest, but to a different environment. The prevalence of Catholicism in Ireland, especially in the south and west, forestalls to a great extent Protestant efforts in behalf of the priest-ridden masses. The same fact supplies a reason why Friends in that Island are not increasing in numbers. What is to be the future of Quakerism in Ireland, is, to Friends there, as well as elsewhere, a matter of serious concern. I felt, and still feel for them, much sympathy, and shall ever be grateful that we had the opportunity of visiting them in a Gospel mission.

PART III.

CHAPTER XVII.

1832-1907—A RETROSPECT.

BETWEEN the above dates lies the period of my earthly pilgrimage hitherto. Once, seventy-five seemed a great age. It seems less so as we grow older. Within the last three-quarters of a century there has been greater advance, on many lines, than during the entire period of our country's history previous to that time. I propose to consider some of the events that synchronize with my own life.

Our territorial domain has been enlarged manifold. At the time of my birth, there were only two States west of the Mississippi River—Louisiana and Missouri; and Michigan and Florida and Arkansas were only territories. A large part of the country west of that river belonged to Mexico, and Alaska belonged to Russia. We have in recent years added our Island Possessions. The plains west of the Mississippi, where are now productive farms, were called *The Great American Desert*. Tens of thousands of buffaloes roamed over this tract, from which the Indians obtained their meat, and out of the skins of which they

made robes. These vast herds have been exterminated by rapacious white hunters, except a few which are kept in parks. Indians, also, have been driven from the lands they once held; many of their tribes being restricted to reservations allotted them by the Government. Populous cities have sprung up where, since my birth, civilization had not found a foothold.

Our own State of Indiana, even within my memory, was, to a large extent, covered with virgin forests, in which wild game was abundant—deer, wolves, bears, racoons, opossums, porcupines, pheasants, squirrels, wild turkeys, quails and wild pigeons. Very few of the species above named are now to be found in our State, and such as remain have become scarce.

It has been many years since we have seen even a single pair of wild pigeons, notwithstanding when I was a young man, they were here by the tens of thousands, gleaning the scattered grain in our cornfields, and nuts from under the fallen forest leaves.

Jonathan Backhouse, an English Friend, who was on a religious visit in this country, makes this note in a letter to his home, dated in the village where I am now writing—Newport (since named Fountain City), Indiana, Tenth month 15, 1831. He wrote: "Wild pigeons were so numerous a few years ago, that a Friend told me they occupied a space 10 miles wide and 70 miles long, with their nests, and every tree

would have from fifty to one hundred nests. When on the wing during the day, they darkened the air so that if he was reading, he was obliged to lay aside his book."

My memory extends back to the days of log cabins, log rollings, corn huskings, apple cuttings, wool pickings, and quiltings. If those pioneer times had their privations and hardships, they had as well joys to which the artificial habits of society in this age make us strangers.

Great advancement has been made since my early childhood, in educational facilities. If Eggleston's "Hoosier School Master" was ever a correct representation of Indiana schools, it is far from such now. Our State, if I mistake not, ranks first in the Union in grade of public schools, and the relative amount of its school fund.

In my boyhood, our church had no college west of the Alleghenies; now we have six, and one university, besides several academies doing very efficient work; while there are higher institutions of learning, both under the control of various denominations, and others under the authority of the State.

In point of church extension, our church has made great advancement. Fifty years ago we had no Yearly Meeting west of that of Indiana, held at Richmond; now there are five, and one besides, on the east, at

Wilmington, Ohio. The three largest were set off from Indiana Yearly Meeting, yet the membership of this parent body numbers more than when the first one was established.

The cause of missions among the heathen, and in Catholic countries, has of latter years, as never before, engaged the attention of the various churches of Christendom. This is especially true of our own church. Less than fifty years ago, Friends in this country had no missionary in the foreign field. Now we have missions in various quarters of the globe. The Young Men's Christian Association and the "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor," have had their birth since my own. Also the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which has made itself felt throughout the world, and the cause of temperance has engaged the attention of both church and state of latter years, to a greater extent than at any former period.

There has also within my memory, been a marked change in the attitude of the churches toward one another. In my early life sectarian feeling was so strong, that there was very little co-operation between the religious denominations. It was considered an infraction of our testimony against an hireling ministry, for a member to attend a meeting where a minister officiated who received from his church a pecuni-

any consideration to enable him to live. I have often in our meetings for business, heard exceptions made on this account, when the query touching this matter was read and answered. It was regarded by leading Friends as a compromise of our principles for our members to unite with philanthropic societies composed of professors of other churches and non-professors.

But it is often said one extreme is apt to produce an opposite one.

This disposition to fraternize is carried too far when fundamental truth is sacrificed or ignored on mere personal considerations. The Apostle Paul regarded the *message* rather than the messenger, as the paramount consideration. He could rejoice that *Christ* was preached even in a case where he could not commend the motive actuating the preacher (see Philipians 1: —). On the other hand, if the *message* was spurious, the position of the messenger, however exalted could not render acceptable what was fundamentally wrong. Thus, in writing to the Galatians, he says: "Though we or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."—Gal. 1: 8, 9. This shows his jealous regard for the true Gospel of Christ—his concern was not so much *who* preached, apostle or angel, as *what* was preached.

Any one who is an intelligent observer of the signs of the times, is aware, that there is on the part of many, a departing from the faith. What is termed a "New Theology," which is "another Gospel," and yet, which, as Paul says, is not a Gospel, is being substituted for the faith once delivered to the saints. To invite to our pulpits preachers of this class, as is sometimes done, is imperiling the interests of souls, and is not required by Christian charity. This unwise toleration was carried to an extent that resulted disastrously in the Friends Church in this country in 1827-8. While it is not the prerogative of a church to decide what a man shall believe, it certainly is due to itself and the cause of Christ, that it should reserve the right to decide who shall represent it as public teachers.

Among the many changes in this country that have taken place in the last three-quarters of a century, one of the most marked has been in our own church; not in its doctrines and principles, but in its manner of conducting our meetings for worship. When I began my ministry, I had never heard a hymn sung, or a chapter of the Bible read in our meetings. I well remember how I hesitated, and even apologized, when I first felt it my duty to read a portion of Scripture in a public meeting which I had appointed, also when I felt it required of me to sing in a meeting for worship. While at first, a considerable number of Friends were

opposed to these innovations, as they termed them, and on account thereof, seceded, and formed separate organizations, both the reading of the Bible and singing in our meetings, are now a recognized privilege.

At the time of my birth, there were only a few miles of railroad in existence; a glance at a railroad map of the United States will show what marvellous advancement has been made on this line.

The various ways in which electricity is applied; the telegraph, telephone, phonograph, revolutionizing the method of transacting business, may be mentioned as among modern improvements.

Very great changes have likewise been made in domestic affairs in the same period. In my boyhood farming was done by very different tools and methods from those of the present time. The advance has been from the hand sickle, to the self-binder; from the plow with a wooden mould-board, to the riding plow of steel; from the flail, to the threshing machine, drawn and driven by the traction engine.

In the household, the stove and range have succeeded the open fire-place, the crane, the griddle, and the reflector; the sewing machine does the principal part of the needle work in the home, and factories have superseded the spinning wheel and the loom which were once an essential equipment of our pioneer homes.

Great events have marked the history of our nation in a political point of view, since my birth—events that have filled the land with mourning. I allude to the three wars, in which our country has been engaged, that with Mexico, our Civil War, and that with Spain. No event of greater national importance has marked the history of any country, than the emancipation of the slaves in the Southern States. Well do I remember the stormy times that preceded it in church and state. The annexation of Texas, the repeal of the “Missouri Compromise,” the enactment of the “Fugitive Slave Law,” and the “Dred Scott” decision, all in the interest of slavery; and later the Kansas troubles, resulting in the burning of the city of Lawrence, and the John Brown Harper’s Ferry episode, were portents, and partial causes of the bloody conflict between the North and South from 1861 to 1865, when multiplied thousands fell on the field of battle, and our noble President, Abraham Lincoln, was assassinated.

My native place was a center of the abolition excitement that preceded the war, and resulted in the anti-slavery separation in Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends. Our village, known at that time by the name of Newport, was the home of the late Levi Coffin, who was termed the president of “The Underground Railroad,” and who is the “Simeon Halliday” of *“Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”*

Within the period of my life there have been some instances rarely paralleled of persons rising from obscurity to national fame—A. Lincoln, General Grant, B. T. Washington.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MY HOME LIFE.

IN APPROACHING the conclusion of this volume, some items of a personal character may not be inappropriate. Amongst the many things that have contributed to my happiness in this life, is a Christian wife, and if success I have had in my ministry, that success, to a very considerable degree, is due to her companionship and helpfulness. Her conversion antedates my own, and from the beginning of my ministry to the present time, embracing a period of nearly fifty years, she has uniformly given me her sympathy and encouragement. In some instances in the earlier years of my public service, when our children were small, and when we were encumbered with debt, I hesitated to leave her with the care of our home, and would doubtless have yielded to discouragement, had it not been for the encouragement she gave me to be obedient to what I believed to be the Master's call. I can thankfully acknowledge, that in no instance did I have cause to regret that I allowed her counsel to prevail against my misgivings.

I can also say in regard to our son and two daugh-

ters, that they never put any obstacle in the way of my Gospel service; but on the other hand, they were ever ready to encourage us in the performance of our religious duty; this, too, when on our son devolved the care of our farm, and the oversight of the home.

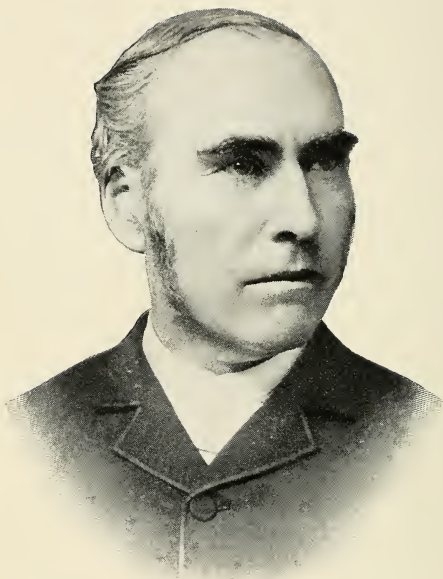
In addition to those instances, when my wife remained at home during my absence on a Gospel mission in our earlier married life, she subsequently became my companion in travel in far the greater part of my evangelistic labors in this country, accompanying me besides, in a Gospel mission in Great Britain and Ireland. I doubt whether any minister in our church has been favored with the companionship of a wife in Gospel service to the same extent as regards time and distance as myself.

I would not, however have my readers to infer that we were neglectful of our children. On the other hand, we never left them when they were not provided with suitable caretakers, or when old enough, placed in school, and eventually had the privilege of seeing them creditably graduated from seminary and college, and happily settled with Christian companions.

Throughout my ministry, both as an evangelist and as pastor, we now and then interspersed intervals of residence for a year or more, during our children's minority, in our original home, in order that we might cherish in them a love of home, and keep them close

to our hearts, extend to them parental care, and enjoy the sweets of family life, and give ourselves an opportunity for mental and physical recuperation. I have reason to believe that this has been an advantage to our entire family in more respects than one. Besides the benefits just referred to, it helped to develop in our children habits of industry and self-reliance, and in my own case, as I devoted myself to manual labor, it had the effect to strengthen my physical constitution, promoting health, and consequently, increased mental vigor. In speaking of our home life, I will mention one happy event with which we were favored—the celebration of our Golden Wedding on the fiftieth anniversary of our marriage. Quite a number of our relatives and friends honored us with their presence, others sent letters of congratulation, and several nice and valuable gifts were received, expressive of the love and good-will of our many friends.

The original marriage certificate was read after we had repeated the marriage ceremony we used when we were married. Such a marriage some of the young people present at this anniversary had never witnessed. Very few whose names were on our certificate were present on the occasion. It is a very small proportion of the human family whose period of wedded life is extended to half a century. Four more years are now added to ours, and yet in the goodness of our Heaven-



LUKE WOODARD AT 50.



ELVIRA T. WOODARD AT 45.

ly Father we are spared to each other in a fair degree of health. May our hearts be filled with gratitude, and the remnant of our lives be devoted to His loving service.

On the occasion above referred to, I read the following lines:

Elvira dear, the fiftieth year
Since we were wedded now is here,
 Yet seeming young art thou;
Thy hair its auburn still retains,
The rose upon thy cheek remains,
 The smoothness on thy brow.
The flower that lives
And perfume gives,
 Is prized when others fade,
Emblem of thee,
Who art to me
More lovely than thou used to be,
 When just a bonnie maid.

This coin of gold,
With date as old
 As that which marks thy life,
I give to thee
This jubilee,
A token of my love to thee,
And of thy sterling worth to me,
 My own, my cherished wife.

CHAPTER XIX.

AUTHORSHIP.

EVEN in my school days I aspired to be an author, and framed in my mind the plan of a book which, in later life, I worked out to a considerable extent. Composition writing in school was required by our teachers, an exercise in which I took pleasure, and which was of signal benefit.

Besides a large number of contributions to different periodicals, and a number of printed tracts, I have interspersed my busy life with intervals of book writing.

My first book was entitled "The Morning Star—A treatise on the nature, offices, and work of the Lord Jesus Christ." It comprised twenty chapters, and 395 pages, covering the entire ground indicated by the above title. It was written in the city of Rochester, New York, during our sojourn there in the summer of 1875. With the exception of three chapters, which had previously been published in some periodicals, the entire book was written in about three months, and I attended one Quarterly Meeting, and both New York and Canada Yearly Meetings, within the same period.

Before it was issued, I sent out a descriptive circular, and in response to this, I received pledges from my friends of an amount sufficient to cover the cost of press-work for an edition of fifteen hundred, before it was entirely through the press. This edition having met with a favorable reception, in two years from the date of its issue, a second edition of one thousand was published. This was electrotyped with a view to issuing another edition in the future, which could be sold at less price; but the publisher who lived in New York City, failed in business, and my plates mysteriously disappeared, and the stock soon being sold, although frequent inquiry was afterwards made, I was unable to supply the demand. On issuing a second edition, I found very little that I wished to change, notwithstanding I had submitted it to some of the best critics in our church, both in this country and England, who did not suggest any very material alterations.

The second book was written while I was pastor in Toronto, in 1883. It was a 12mo of 366 pages, entitled "Gathered Fragments," or "Talks to Young People;" "Talks to Parents;" and "Social Hours with Ministers," with a fourth section of a doctrinal character. This work met with a very ready sale, but no second edition has ever been issued.

A third book was a volume of Poems on a variety

of subjects, written at different times. It has been enlarged from time to time, till at present it comprises 210 pages. It has been favorably noticed by several literary persons.

My latest book bears the title, "What is Truth?" It was a conscientious attempt to answer this question from a Biblical point of view, as it relates to the subjects comprising its table of contents, viz.: "Revelation, Inspiration, The Bible, The Atonement;" and from a scientific standpoint, some theological topics that the advocates of what is termed "The New Theology," claim need a revision. In the first the appeal is to the Holy Scriptures; in the second, to scientific authors of unquestioned ability. This work, which was written with a view to meet a skeptical tendency now masquerading under the name of "Modern Thought," has met with a very favorable reception, and has been endorsed by some of our most able writers, and profound scholars. In the list of those who have commended the work, I may mention the late Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, of London; Francis W. Thomas, John Henry Douglas, William P. Pinkham, the late Esther T. Pritchard, Willis J. Beecher, of Auburn Theological Seminary, and Dr. Morehead, of Xenia Theological Seminary.

The difference between the voice and the pen is, the former is heard only by the limited number who

are within its compass, and ceases with the life of the speaker ; while that which is expressed by the pen can be sent to earth's remotest bounds, and may be perpetuated long after the writer has ceased to live. Of such it may be said, "He being dead yet speaketh."

Books, therefore, are a most potent agency for good or evil. No serious minded person can thus put into permanent form his thoughts on matters of importance—thoughts which may influence the destiny not only of his cotemporaries, but through their posthumous effects, that of generations yet unborn, without a sense of grave responsibility.

It has not unfrequently been the case, that authors have embittered their last days by having given publicity to what they vainly wish they could recall ; but pernicious literature, however much the author may regret its publication, when once it is launched upon society, like the pestilence that walketh in darkness, will go on distilling its moral poison, and doing its deadly work, in spite of those regrets. We have it on good authority, that Thomas Paine said on his deathbed, that he wished all the copies of his infidel book, "*The Age of Reason*," had been burned !

Even the poet Whittier once said when interviewed by a representative of the *New York Tribune*: "Much that I have written, I wish was as deep in the Red

Sea as Pharoah's chariot wheels. Much of the bread cast upon the waters I wish had never been returned."

I have not the vanity to claim that my own writings are free from imperfections. I have, however, a consoling consciousness, that in giving publicity to what I have written, I was actuated by a laudable desire and aim to benefit my fellow man; and it is cause for humble thankfulness, that on a review of this particular department of my life's work, I have no accusings of conscience for having published anything positively pernicious; and that, on the other hand, many have acknowledged that they received benefit from my writings.

CHAPTER XX.

RECENT GOSPEL LABORS.

SINCE I gave up my pastoral work two years ago, I have been engaged from time to time, in visiting meetings in various sections of our own church. There seems to be an increasing demand for this kind of ministerial service, which in former years was more common than it has been since the pastoral system was adopted; and at no time since I began my work as a minister, have I found a more open door for a teaching ministry, than I have during these recent visits. There is an evident reaction from a style of preaching which had gained favor in some places, which slurs over the doctrines of Christianity, substituting mere ethical teaching on social problems, and humanitarian themes. These are important as a part of practical Christianity, and should by no means be ignored by the ministers of the Gospel, but they cannot rightly be substituted for its great and ever-essential doctrines. To do so would be like erecting a fair structure on the sand.

“He preached of science—an attentive throng
Admiring heard;
The nation’s weal—the listening multitude
Approved his word;
The social need—and thousands gave
Assenting nod;
He preached the Cross—and men were turned
From sin to God.”

Whatever the advance, in science, in literature, in the mastery of the forces of nature, and in civilization the world will still need the simple Gospel of the Son of God, whose written expression is embodied in the New Testament. While chronologically it is old, it will never become antiquated, never obsolete, will never be superseded. It is as truly now, as when Paul said it, “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” Unregenerate men need to hear and accept it, that they may be saved; it is God’s instrumentality for the edification of the saints. And as one who has had opportunity to observe, I bear witness that it has been by a faithful proclamation of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, that the modern revival in our church has been brought about. It was by preaching Christ in His divine personality, in all His varied offices and work—His miraculous birth, His spotless life, His teaching, His atoning death, His resurrection, His ascension, intercession, His second coming, and His triumphant and eternal

reign. Coupled with this, as an essential part of the same Gospel, there was due emphasis given to the distinctive personality and offices of the Holy Spirit, coming in virtue of the merit and intercession of a once crucified, but now risen and glorified Redeemer, to convict, regenerate and sanctify; to teach, comfort and guide the child of God.

It was also urged that the necessity for such a provision of mercy, and for the proclamation of the same, lies in the appalling fact of the apostasy of our entire race; "that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" "that by one man sin entered the world, and death by sin, so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned;" that it is only by repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, that sinful man can be saved from sin here, and from its awful and eternal consequence in the world to come.

These great truths were preached by the early Quakers; they are embodied in our confession of faith now; they are the same that with my limited ability, I have endeavored to promulgate, both in my earlier ministry, and in my recent work.

It is no ground for boasting, but of humble thankfulness to my Divine Lord, that He has counted me worthy to have a share in this ministry of the Gospel of the blessed God; and while I write, the ascription

of grateful praise arises from my heart, for His having prolonged my life to three score and fifteen, preserved me with almost uninterrupted health through the forty years of ministerial labor, and now in the evening of my life, giving me strength and opportunity to revisit the churches where in years gone by, I was permitted to preach the Gospel, and it is additional cause for thankfulness, that my dear Friends wherever I go, give me a very cordial welcome, and manifest evidences of confidence and Christian love.

Before closing this volume, I wish to express my sense of obligation to the church in which I have had a life-long membership, whose fostering care I have received, and whose encouragement and sympathy have been accorded, both to me and to my family. Christian charity prompts the suppression of any adverse criticisms that candor might warrant. If imperfections can be seen in our beloved church, so they were in the little circle of "the twelve," whom the Master chose as His followers, of whom He said, "as the Father hath loved me, even so have I loved you."

Cowper's expression in regard to his country—"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still," I can adopt with reference to our church.

I venerate the memory of its founders; I honor that of their successors, some of whom in each gener-

ation have maintained its principles, and have stood faithfully by it in crucial periods that have severely tested it.

I regard Quakerism, rightly understood and wisely applied, as the truest expression of primitive Christianity, with which it is my privilege to be acquainted. It is a significant fact that every advanced step that has marked the history of other religious denominations, since the days of George Fox, has been in the direction of the position he and his coadjutors occupied. This remark applies to the subject of peace oaths, slavery, intemperance, the influence of the Holy Spirit, and the position which women should occupy in the church.

The late Dr. Wayland, president of Brown University, in a conversation with a Friend, admitted that it was a historical fact that in regard to many things the general Church of Christ had approximated the standard of Quakerism. This in no small measure tends to establish in our minds the conviction that our early Friends were guided by the Holy Spirit, and that the principles which they enunciated were sound.

With this view of Quakerism, we feel justified in endeavoring to perpetuate and extend those principles. Not, however, with mere sectarian motives, but, believing them to be an integral part of the Christian

religion, they are designed for the world. Aware, however, that men may be led to adopt denominational views, without being converted to Christ, the effort should be in dealing with unsaved men, first to bring them to Him. Discipling, in the Great Commission, is first in order ; this done, incorporating them into the visible church, the Master's instruction is: "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

The foregoing sketch of my life shows how fully I have identified myself with our own religious body. I have prayerfully endeavored to preserve a conscience void of offense, and not to bring reproach on the church of my choice, or in any way to misrepresent it. This latest service in which I am engaged, is a labor of love, and is performed with an earnest desire that I may be enabled, according to my limited measure, to strengthen my fellow believers, and still proclaim the good news to lost men.

In closing these sketches, my prayer is, that the divine blessing may attend their publication.

APPENDIX.

NOTE—The date of the following record is 1907.

GENEALOGY: WOODARD-OUTLAND.

THE first in the ancestral line of the WOODARD family so far as I am now informed, are my great grandparents, Thomas and Lydia Woodard, of North Carolina. Date of birth, death or marriage, not ascertained; neither the maiden name of the wife.

This Thomas Woodard had a son, Isaac, to whom, according to the county records, he gave 169 acres of land, situated in the Parish of St. Patricks, Johnston County, North Carolina. Date of deed, October, 1780.

Thomas and Lydia Woodard had another son, Luke (date of birth not ascertained). What family besides, if any, I am not informed.

Luke Woodard was married to Sarah Parker, Third month 17, 1782 (see copy of marriage certificate further on in this Appendix).

Luke Woodard's death occurred between the years 1807 and 1809, as is evident from the fact that his name appears as one of the witnesses on the marriage certificate of his daughter Lydia to Francis Thomas,

Fifth month 10, 1807; while the certificate of his daughter Elizabeth, married to David Newsom, Eleventh mo. 16, 1809, states he was deceased.

Sarah (Parker) Woodard was the daughter of Elisha and Elizabeth Parker, date of birth not ascertained. She survived her husband many years, and died in Bartholomew County, Indiana.

To Luke Woodard and Sarah (Parker) Woodard were born children as below:

Isaac, born Fourth mo. 14, 1783.

Mary, born Ninth mo. 6, 1784; died unmarried. Date of death not obtained.

Lydia, born Third mo. 11, 1786. Married to Francis Thomas, Fifth mo. 10, 1807.

Cader, born Eleventh mo. 1, 1787; died Ninth mo. 22, 1858. He was married first to Rachel Outland, Second mo. 18, 1810; a second time to a widow—Sarah Stubbs, 1845. All three of the above were buried at New Garden, Indiana.

Elizabeth, born Twelfth mo. 30, 1789. She was married to David Newsom, Eleventh mo. 16, 1809.

Martha, born First mo. 17, 1792; died unmarried. Date of death not supplied.

Thomas, born First mo. 28,, 1793. Married first to Zilpah Cook, a second time to Sarah Mayo.

Peninnah, born Tenth mo. 2, 1795. Married to Joel Newsom.

Sarah, born Tenth mo. 6, 1797. Married to Michael Fulghum.

Luke, born Ninth mo. 9, 1800. Married to Avis Cox.

Absilit, born Third mo. 12, 1803; died in 1877. Married first to Ezekiel Davis, a second time to Isaac Cox.

Rachel (Outland) Woodard, wife of Cader Woodard, was born in Northhampton County, North Carolina, Twelfth mo. 29, 1788. She was the daughter of Josiah and Milicent (Peel) Outland.

Josiah Outland was the son of John and Rachel Outland.

Milicent (Peel) Outland was the daughter of John and Mary Peel.

John Peel was born Second mo. 8, 1729, and died First mo. 22, 1804. He was a minister in the Friends Church.

Mary Peel, wife of John Peel, was born (date not known), and died Tenth mo. 17, 1802.

Milicent (Peel) Outland, mother of Rachel (Outland) Woodard, was born Eleventh mo. 18, 1755, and died Ninth mo. 15, 1817.

To Cader and Rachel Woodard were born eleven children, as below:

Thomas, born First mo. 25, 1811; died Ninth mo. 4, 1836. Married to Miriam Hunt.

Josiah, born Twelfth mo. 7, 1812; died Third mo. 3, 1839. Married to Milley Thomas.

Lydia, born Ninth mo. 6, 1814; died First mo. 25, 1853. Married to Israel Hough.

Absilit, born Ninth mo. 6, 1816; died Second mo. 26, 1895. Married to Eli Maddock.

William E., born Twelfth mo. 8, 1818; died First mo. 30, 1821.

Sarah, born Second mo. 20, 1821; died Sixth mo. 2, 1907. Married to Hiram Stanton.

Cornelius J., born Third mo. 15, 1823; died Seventh mo. 15, 1906. Married to Sarah Burgess.

John, born Seventh mo. 15, 1825. Married first to Rhoda Jessup; a second time to a widow—Rachel (Bales) Roberts.

Rachel, born Twelfth mo. 9, 1827; died 1892. Married to Mahlon Stubbs.

Caroline, born Second mo. 25, 1830; died Sixth mo. 11, 1874. Married to Jose H. Parker

Luke, born Third mo. 12, 1832. Married to Elvira Townsend.

All of the above children of Cader and Rachel Woodard were born in North Carolina, except the three youngest. The marriages were all according to the order of the Friends Church.

GENEALOGY OF THE ANCESTORS OF ELVIRA T., THE
WIFE OF LUKE WOODARD.

She was the eldest daughter of Stephen and Mary (Griffin) Townsend.

Stephen was the youngest son of John and Elvira (Cain) Townsend, and was born Twelfth mo. 31, 1810, and died Seventh mo. 15, 1884.

John Townsend, his father, was born Eleventh mo. 6, 1763, and died Eighth mo. 25, 1853. John Townsend's father's name was John, and his mother's maiden name was Pearson.

John Townsend, the father of Stephen, was a soldier in the war of the American Revolution. He later in life joined Friends Church, lived and died a consistent member, on conscientious ground refusing a pension. He was buried in the Friends Cemetery at Woodbury, near Middleboro, Wayne County, Indiana. This cemetery is no longer used. He was married to Elvira Cain.

She was born Third mo., 1768, and died Third mo., 1870, aged 102 years and a few days. She died and was buried at West Elkton, Ohio. Her descendants, living and dead, at the time of her death numbered over 700.

She was in early life a member of the Baptist Church, but afterwards joined the Friends, remain-

ing a consistent member to the close of her life. She, like her husband, declined on conscientious ground, to accept a pension to which, in consideration of her husband's services in the Revolutionary war, she was entitled.

Her parents were Jonathan and Betty (Harold) Cain.

She was married at the age of fifteen.

Mary (Griffin) Townsend, wife of Stephen, and mother of Elvira T. Woodard, was born Fourth mo. 16, 1816, and died Fourth mo. 27, 1903. She was the daughter of Jacob and Mary (Copeland) Griffin.

This Jacob was the son of James and Hannah (Kenyon) Griffin.

Mary Copeland (Griffin), mentioned above, was the daughter of Joshua and Susannah (Pike) Copeland.

Luke Woodard and Elvira Townsend, were married at West Grove, Wayne County, Indiana, Fourth mo. 14, 1853. To them were born children as below:

Leander J., born Fifth mo. 24, 1854. Married to Annie B. Evans.

An infant daughter, born and died Fifth mo. 28, 1856.

Mary Ellen, born Tenth mo. 16, 1860. Married to A. De Main Wood.

Alice J., born Seventh mo. 14, 1866. Married to I. Purviance Hunt.

The Woodards, Parkers, and Peels came from England. The Outlands came from Holland. The Kenyons came from Ireland. The Cains were Dutch. The Griffins came from Wales. The name was originally Griffith. The Townsends came from England with William Penn in the ship "Welcome!"

From an old record of Contentnea Monthly Meeting, I obtained the following copy of my grandfather Luke Woodard's marriage certificate; also one of his daughter Lydia, who was married to Francis Thomas. They are inserted in this Appendix as specimens of the mode of accomplishing a Quaker marriage in the time of our great grandfathers, and will be of interest to their descendants.

CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE.

WHEREAS, Luke Woodard, son of Thomas Woodard [mother's name not given] and Sarah Parker, both of the Province of North Carolina, having laid their intentions of marriage before several Monthly Meetings of the people called Quakers, in the Province aforesaid, whose proceedings therein, after a deliberate consideration thereof, accord-

ing to the righteous law of God, and the example of His people recorded in the Scriptures of Truth, were approved.

Now this may certify to all whom it may concern, that for the full accomplishing of their said intentions, this the 17th day of Third month, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two, they, the said Luke Woodard and Sarah Parker, appeared at a public assembly of the aforesaid people, met at the meeting house of Contentnea, and he, the said Luke Woodard, taking the said Sarah Parker by the hand, did openly declare as followeth, to this effect: "Friends, you are my witnesses that I take Sarah Parker to be my wife, promising, through divine assistance, to be unto her a true and loving husband, until death separates us."

And then and there, she, the said Sarah Parker, taking the said Luke Woodard by the hand, did declare as followeth, or to this effect: "Friends you are my witnesses that I take Luke Woodard to be my husband, promising, through divine assistance to be unto him a true and loving wife until death separates us."

And for a further confirmation thereof, the said Luke Woodard and Sarah Woodard, his now wife, did then and there to these presents set their hands, and we whose names are hereunto subscribed, being present amongst others at the solemnization of said marriage, have also to these presents subscribed our names, the day and year above written.

LUKE WOODARD.

SARAH WOODARD.

WITNESSES :

Elisha Parker.
Elizabeth Parker.
Thomas Edgerton.
Benjamin Arnold.
Thomas Outland.
Sarah Arnold.
Mark Bogue.
Thomas Cook.
Eliza Cook.

Isaac Hall.
Isaac Parker.
Wm. Lancaster.
Josiah Peel.
John Bowman.
Elizabeth Pearson.
Joseph Deud.
Levi Lancaster.

CERTIFICATE OF MARRIAGE OF FRANCIS AND
LYDIA THOMAS.

WHEREAS, Francis Thomas, son of John Thomas, of Marlboro District, South Carolina, and Lydia Woodard, daughter of Luke Woodard, of Wayne County, State of North Carolina, having laid their intentions of marriage before several Monthly Meetings* of the people called Quakers, consent of parents and parties concerned being first had;— Now this may certify to all whom it may concern, that for the full accomplishing of their said intentions this 10th day of Fifth month, one thousand eight hundred and seven (Fifth mo. 10, 1807), they, the said Francis Thomas and Lydia Woodard, appeared at a public assembly of the aforesaid people met together at their meeting house at Contentnea, and he, the said Francis Thomas, taking the said Lydia Woodard by the hand, did openly declare as followeth, to this effect: "Friends, you are my witnesses, that I take Lydia Woodard to be my wife, promising, through divine assistance, to be to her a true and loving husband until death separates us."

And then and there, she, the said Lydia Woodard, taking the said Francis Thomas by the hand, did declare as followeth, or to this effect: "Friends, you are my witnesses that I take Francis Thomas to be my husband, promising, through divine assistance, to be to him a true and loving wife until death separates us."

And for a further and full confirmation thereof, they, the

* "Several Monthly Meetings." The order of procedure at that time was this: The parties proposing marriage presented in writing, over their own signatures, their proposal to a Monthly Meeting, together with consent of parents or guardians; a committee was appointed to inquire as to clearness of similar engagements with others. Upon a favorable report of this committee at a subsequent Monthly Meeting, and after the parties had, at two successive Monthly Meetings, appeared in person before the men's and women's meetings separately, taking each other by the hand declared that they "still continued their intentions of marriage with each other." The Monthly Meeting then made record of its approval, leaving them at liberty, appointing a committee to attend the marriage and entertainment, to see that it was orderly accomplished. The marriage was solemnized, as shown by these certificates, at the close of a regular meeting for worship.

said Francis Thomas and Lydia Thomas, his now wife, did then and there to these presents, set their hands; and we whose names are hereunto subscribed, being present, amongst others, at the solemnization of said marriage, have also to these presents, subscribed our names, the day and year above written.

FRANCIS THOMAS.

LYDIA THOMAS.

Names of witnesses are as follows:

| | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Luke Woodard. | Clarkey Cook. |
| Sarah Woodard. | Wm. Cook. |
| Isaac Woodard. | Joel Newsom. |
| Cader Woodard. | Elijah Coleman. |
| Elizabeth Woodard. | Silvia Hall. |
| Stephen Woodard. | Jeremiah Horn. |
| Thomas Woodard. | Silas Hollowell. |
| Mary Woodard. | Jesse Hollowell. |
| Jesse Parker. | Sarah Hollowell. |
| Isaac Parker. | Benjamin Arnold. |
| Nathan Parker. | Sarah Arnold. |
| Phineas Parker. | Susannah Copeland. |
| Wm. Parker. | Joseph Boswell. |
| Anna Parker. | Jesse Overman. |
| Caleb Hall. | Wm. Morris. |
| Orpha Horn. | Elizabeth Parker. |
| Joshua Hall. | Joseph Everett. |
| David Newsom. | |

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